



INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION

BY **EDDIE ROBSON**

WITH ADDITIONAL MATERIAL BY **JONATHAN MORRIS**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER

Time traveller.

EVELYN SMYTHE: MAGGIE STABLES

Historian turned time traveller's companion.

THOMAS BREWSTER: JOHN PICKARD

Victorian urchin... and time traveller's former companion.

SAMUEL BELFRAGE:

(30s) Not his real name. An alien smuggler posing as a Victorian industrialist in the town of Ackleton.

STEPHEN GIBSON:

(30s) Union rep at Belfrage's copper factory.

CLARA STRETTON:

(late teens/early 20s) Headstrong young lady who has taken up the cause of Belfrage's workers.

ROBERT STRETTON:

(50s) Member of Parliament for the Ackleton area. Not a progressive.

GEORGE TOWNSEND:

(40s) Manager at Belfrage's copper factory.

ALSO: STATION MANAGER; PASSENGER; WORKMAN; HUMANOIDS.

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PART ONE

GRAMS DOCTOR WHO THEME

SCENE 1. INT. CELLAR

F/X DISTANT RUMBLE OF MACHINERY. DOORS OPEN. GRENVILLE, A GRUMBLY OLD LANCASTRIAN, MAKES HIS WAY DOWN SOME STEPS.

GRENVILLE:

Go down to the cellar, says Mr Townsend. It's alright for him, he's not the one gonna break his neck falling down the stairs. Fetch us some pigtail bolts, he says. He's not the one as has to root around in the pitch dark without even a gas lamp –

F/X DOOR SLAMS.

GRENVILLE:

Hoi! Someone's down here, you gawby! How am I supposed to fetch owt if I can't even see my hand in front of my face?

F/X CLINK OF MOVING METAL. FOOTSTEPS ON STONE FLOOR.

GRENVILLE:

What's that? Who's there? I can hear you, mullocking around –

F/X CLINK OF MOVING METAL, CLOSER LOUDER.

GRENVILLE:

Alright, you've had your laugh, now show yourself –

F/X SUDDEN LOUD CRASH OF ADVANCING METAL. GRENVILLE SCREAMS, HIS SCREAM MERGING INTO THE SOUND OF:

SCENE 2. INT. FACTORY

F/X STEAM WHISTLE BLOWS. RACKET OF MACHINERY ALL AROUND. BREWSTER IS LOADING METAL SHEETS INTO A LATHE, STEPHEN CUTTING THEM.

STEPHEN:
You're not from round these parts?

BREWSTER:
Are you talking to me?

STEPHEN:
Aye. You're in the union now. We don't talk to those as aren't in the union. Where were you before you were here, then?

BREWSTER:
Oh, around and about. London. It's Stephen, isn't it?

STEPHEN:
That's right, Brewster.

BREWSTER:
You know my name.

F/X CUTTING METAL.

STEPHEN:
It's my business to know the name of every union man – Mind your fingers, lathe'll have 'em clean off!

BREWSTER:
Sorry.

STEPHEN:
You've travelled, then, Brewster?

BREWSTER:
Yeah. There's more to life than one little town in Lancashire.

STEPHEN:
I wouldn't know about that. No man's limited by what he sees around him.

BREWSTER:
If you say so. But most people, they think the world ends at the end of their street. They never stop to imagine there might be more out there.

STEPHEN:
So what is out there?

BREWSTER:

You wouldn't believe me if I told you. I saw things that you'd swear were impossible. Even to me, it all seems like a dream.

STEPHEN:

Oh. A dream. Right.

BREWSTER:

Don't get me wrong. I'm not knocking the factory, or Ackleton. It's a wage, and I'm grateful. But imagine seeing everything else that was out there - and then losing it.

STEPHEN:

So you've travelled a lot, then, have you?

BREWSTER:

Oh, and then some.

STEPHEN:

Because in my experience, Brewster, those who live the travelling lifestyle are either gypsies, actors or crooks.

BREWSTER:

(BEAT) Yeah, I was an actor.

SCENE 3. EXT. FACTORY YARD

F/X MACHINERY NOISE IN BACKGROUND. CLARA PENCIL SKETCHING — SCRATCHES ON PAPER.

TOWNSEND:

Still not finished your sketch, Miss Stretton?

F/X BREWSTER ENTERS, WALKS THEIR WAY.

CLARA:

I am making further studies, Mr Townsend. Considering the subject from varying angles, to ascertain how it might be shown off to the best advantage.

BREWSTER:

(OFF) Morning, Miss Stretton!

TOWNSEND:

I've told you, Brewster, you're not to bother Miss Stretton when she's on the site. Or any other time for that matter.

CLARA:

Brewster doesn't bother me.

F/X BREWSTER ARRIVES NEXT TO THEM, STOPS.

BREWSTER:

Glad to hear it, miss.

TOWNSEND:

Wouldn't a young lady like you prefer to draw a nice meadow?

CLARA:

Oh no. Everything in the fields does tend to sway so in the wind. And then some horse or cow wanders into view, and one feels obliged to include it, but that entails all the tedious business of drawing its legs. No, my limited skills are far better suited to the straight lines and rough textures of modern buildings.

TOWNSEND:

If you say so. What are you doing out here, Brewster?

BREWSTER:

Just getting some fresh rainwater, sir.

TOWNSEND:

Then be rapid about it, lad.

F/X TOWNSEND LEAVES. BREWSTER POURS SOME WATER INTO A BUCKET.

BREWSTER:

The way he goes on, you'd think he doesn't trust you to be left alone with me.

CLARA:

And with good reason.

BREWSTER:

What?

CLARA:

The sketching is simply a ruse. You don't have to compliment me, I know I'm an altogether useless artist. But people will humour a young woman in almost any activity, regardless of merit, so long as it is harmless and appropriate.

BREWSTER:

So what are you doing here?

CLARA:

I consider that the workers' conditions here are unacceptable. I am gathering observations to lend my arguments weight.

BREWSTER:

Blimey. Not really what Mr Townsend would call harmless or appropriate!

CLARA:

(LAUGHS) Then it is just as well that in this matter, as in so many others, he remains in blissful ignorance!

F/X FROM WITHIN THE FACTORY, AND VERY LOUD:

STEPHEN:

(OFF) AAAAAAAAARGH!

CLARA:

What in heaven's name was [that-?]

BREWSTER:

Stephen.

F/X RUSH OFF INTO:

SCENE 4. INT. FACTORY (FLOOR)

F/X BREWSTER AND CLARA DASH INSIDE TO FIND STEPHEN WRITHING IN AGONY. CONSTERNATION AROUND HIM, SOME MACHINES STILL GOING, SOME NOT.

WORKMEN:

Is he all right? / Dear God! / How did it happen? / Did you see it?

CLARA:

Mr Gibson! Oh my goodness -

BREWSTER:

(CALLS) Someone fetch a doctor! Quick!

CLARA:

There is no doctor in the town, but a friend of my father's is here at the factory, and he is a doctor. Well, he is an engineer by profession, but his medical knowledge equals that of any physician I've met -

BREWSTER:

Never mind the life story, can you get him here now?

F/X CLARA OPENS THE DOOR.

CLARA:

Ah, he is coming already. He must have heard the disturbance.

BREWSTER:

That's quite a stroke of luck, isn't... (SEES THE DOCTOR ENTERING) ... Oh, or maybe it's not.

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING TO STEPHEN'S SIDE) What's happened?

CLARA:

Dr Smith. This poor man was working at the lathe - I fear his fingers are severed.

BREWSTER:

(TO DOCTOR) What are you doing here? I thought -

DOCTOR:

What does it look like I'm doing? Helping.

F/X EVELYN ARRIVES.

EVELYN:

Oh! Good grief. The poor fellow!

DOCTOR:

Evelyn, could you pop across to our lodgings and fetch the medical kit?

EVELYN:

Of course.

F/X EVELYN DASHES AWAY.

CLARA:

Someone should inform Mr Townsend. If you will excuse me...

F/X CLARA LEAVES.

DOCTOR:

Brewster, get me some water. Hot, but not boiling.

BREWSTER:

I thought you'd left, you said - [you were]

DOCTOR:

Never mind that now. We need to clean the wound. Water!

F/X BREWSTER LEAVES.

SCENE 5. INT. FACTORY (OFFICE)

F/X TOWNSEND WRITING IN A LEDGER. CLARA BURSTS IN.

CLARA:
Mr Townsend!

TOWNSEND:
Miss Stretton. Would you mind if I finish entering [these figures -]

CLARA:
I most certainly would. Have you not heard the commotion?

TOWNSEND:
I have, and I was poised to investigate [just as soon -]

CLARA:
One of your workers has suffered the most appalling injury.

TOWNSEND:
Is he deceased?

CLARA:
No, but -

TOWNSEND:
Well, then it's not the most appalling injury.

CLARA:
He has lost three fingers.

TOWNSEND:
Which worker?

CLARA:
Stephen Gibson.

TOWNSEND:
(TUTS) Ah, a good worker. When he wants to be. Agitator though.

CLARA:
I don't feel you are treating this accident with the appropriate solemnity, Mr Townsend.

TOWNSEND:
Not at all, Miss Stretton. I am greatly concerned by this incident. The fewer fingers a man has, the less work he will be able to do. If I was mathematically inclined, I daresay I could even go so far as to calculate the precise formula.

CLARA:

Might I suggest your time might be better spent tackling this institution's scandalously poor record on safety!

TOWNSEND:

And might I suggest, young lady, that you would do better to concentrate on your daubings than to tell me my business!

SCENE 6. INT. FACTORY FLOOR

F/X THE DOCTOR IS CLEANING STEPHEN'S WOUNDS. A CROWD OF WORKERS STANDS NEARBY AND MUTTERS ABOUT THE SITUATION.

STEPHEN:
Aaaah!

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry, but please, I need you to hold still.

BREWSTER:
What is it you're doing, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Trying to prevent him losing the rest of his hand.

BREWSTER:
What? Is that all?

DOCTOR:
(LOW) What more do you expect?

BREWSTER:
(LOW) Come on, I've seen what you can do.

DOCTOR:
(LOW) Brewster, this is neither the time nor the place..

F/X EVELYN RETURNS.

DOCTOR:
Ah! Evelyn, what took you so long?

EVELYN:
Never mind a 'thank you'! Here's the medical kit.

F/X DOCTOR OPENS THE KIT.

DOCTOR:
(DRAWING UP SYRINGE) Now. Mr Gibson. This — is what is known as a syringe..

STEPHEN:
(ALARMED) You're not to stick that - thing in me!

BREWSTER:
It's alright, Stephen. I know the Doctor, you can trust him.

STEPHEN:
(BEAT) Alright, if you — (say so).

F/X DOCTOR STICKS THE NEEDLE IN.

STEPHEN:

Aaaah! I thought you said I could trust him?

BREWSTER:

You can. I'm the one you shouldn't trust.

STEPHEN:

I'll remember that. (WINCES IN PAIN)

EVELYN:

Try to think about something else.

DOCTOR:

The pain should start to go away. And this should clear any infection...

F/X STARTS DRESSING THE WOUND.

DOCTOR:

Now, leave the dressing on for at least five hours and keep your arm upright, like this. You understand?

STEPHEN:

Thank... thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

That's all right. Lucky thing I was here, eh?

F/X DOCTOR STANDS.

WORKMEN:

Someone should take him home. / Yes, he's in a bad way. / Can you take him?

BREWSTER:

So, now you've played the hero, why don't you just brush off?

DOCTOR:

Charming. I didn't expect gratitude - (but)

BREWSTER:

Why are you two doing around here, anyway? I thought I was well rid of you!

EVELYN:

Don't be like that, Thomas. We're here to see the owner of the factory.

BREWSTER:

You're wasting your time. He's still off on holiday. I haven't seen him myself yet. Now, if you don't mind, I've gotta sort out getting Stephen home.

F/X BREWSTER LEAVES.

EVELYN:

He doesn't seem too pleased to see us again, does he?

DOCTOR:

Yes, but to be honest, Thomas Brewster's feelings are the least of my worries right now. What concerns me is what happened to Stephen...

EVELYN:

The accident, you mean?

DOCTOR:

If it was an accident...

SCENE 7. INT. FACTORY (OFFICE)

F/X AS BEFORE.

TOWNSEND:

The machines are not at fault, Miss Stretton. They are of the latest design, of the highest quality manufacture, and were acquired by Mr Belfrage at great personal expense –

CLARA:

(MUTTER) Whereas your workforce was acquired at the smallest possible expense.

TOWNSEND:

– and are serviced quite regularly. Mr Belfrage does not cut corners. It's not his fault if the Lancastrian working man's mind will not adapt from the manufacture of cotton and silk. We should be grateful he hasn't already sold up and relocated to Wales or Cornwall where, I am told, the workforce is much more amenable and at a fraction of the cost.

CLARA:

Is that where he is now?

TOWNSEND:

No, Mr Belfrage is currently domiciled in Venice. I was contemplating hypotheticals, Miss. Hypotheticals!

F/X KNOCK AT DOOR.

TOWNSEND:

Enter!

F/X BREWSTER ENTERS.

TOWNSEND:

Yes, Brewster? What is it? Spit it out.

BREWSTER:

The Doctor's patched up Stephen's hand and sent him home, Mr Townsend. Robert Askew's gone with him.

TOWNSEND:

What, so now we're two men down?

BREWSTER:

Oh. And the Doctor says he wants to see you.

TOWNSEND:

About the accident?

BREWSTER:

No, about Mr Belfrage. He's waiting in the boss's office.

TOWNSEND:

(SIGH) And you left him in there unattended, I suppose?

SCENE 8. INT. BELFRAGE'S OFFICE

F/X A ROOM AT THE FACTORY. THE DOCTOR IS SNOOPING AROUND, OPENING DRAWERS AND RIFLING THROUGH.

EVELYN:

Doctor, should you be going through Belfrage's drawers?

DOCTOR:

No, absolutely not. But you know me, Evelyn, I can resist everything but temptation... (DISCOVERY) Ah-ha!

EVELYN:

What is it? Have you found something?

DOCTOR:

No, nothing at all. Either Mr Belfrage has a very good memory, or somebody else does his book-keeping, because - Hello!

EVELYN:

What?

F/X DOCTOR BENDS DOWN.

DOCTOR:

Look, here - wedged between the floorboards.

EVELYN:

Looks like a... pocket torch?

DOCTOR:

No. Whatever it is, it's far in advance of your time, never mind the 19th century.

F/X DOCTOR TRIES TO PICK IT UP.

DOCTOR:

Funny... can't get it to budge...

EVELYN:

Shouldn't you leave it where it is? I expect Mr Belfrage will be rather upset if he notices it's gone missing.

DOCTOR:

I don't care if he is. I want to know what this thing is, and I don't intend to leave it lying around for any Tom, Dick or Harry -

F/X FOOTSTEPS COMING UP STAIRS OUTSIDE.

EVELYN:
Doctor, someone's coming.

DOCTOR:
Just needs one more twist and –

F/X METALLIC SNAP.

DOCTOR:
There, got it! Very odd, though – it seemed to be almost growing from between the floorboards...

EVELYN:
Doctor, put it away before –

F/X DOOR OPENS, TOWNSEND ENTERS.

TOWNSEND:
(BEAT) May I ask what you two are doing in here?

EVELYN:
Er, admiring the view.

TOWNSEND:
All you can see from here is the chimney.

DOCTOR:
And may I say what a splendid chimney it is. One of the best!
And, in addition to admiring your triumph of ventilative engineering – we're here to see Mr Belfrage.

TOWNSEND:
He's off on his holidays.

DOCTOR:
Oh dear. Then we shall have to come back tomorrow.

TOWNSEND:
You don't have to come back at all.

F/X SOUND OF PROTEST OUTSIDE, IN THE FACTORY YARD.

WORKMEN:
No more accidents! / Fix the machines or we won't go back to work! / Strike! Strike!

EVELYN:
Mr Townsend, I think you should take a look outside.

TOWNSEND:
What?

EVELYN:

It rather looks like the workers are revolting!

SCENE 9. EXT. FACTORY YARD

F/X GENERAL COMMOTION FROM WORKERS.

WORKMEN:

We'll not work at faulty machines! / Justice for Stephen Gibson! / We'll have no more accidents!

F/X DOOR OPENS, TOWNSEND STEPS OUT.

TOWNSEND:

Brewster? Why aren't you back at work?

BREWSTER:

We had an emergency ballot, and we agreed, we're not touching those machines until you've had them checked out.

TOWNSEND:

I didn't realise you were the union's fogleman.

BREWSTER:

Did you know this factory has more accidents than any other in Lancashire?

TOWNSEND:

Really? Who told you this?

CLARA:

(OFF) I did.

BREWSTER:

Helpful lady, Miss Stretton. Got her heart in the right place.

CLARA:

I have corresponded with unions across the county. They keep such records, and no institution can boast as many accidents as this!

TOWNSEND:

If that's true, it's because you lot can't keep your minds on the job! There's nowt wrong with that machinery!

BREWSTER:

Ah, but those are our terms. We want the site checked by an independent engineer or we go on strike. No man is going back to work in this factory until we know for sure that it's safe!

F/X THE WORKERS LOUDLY AGREE AND APPLAUD.

SCENE 10. INT. STRETTON'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM)

F/X DOCTOR AND EVELYN HAVING TEA WITH STRETTON (50S, UPPER CLASS, IRRITABLE).

STRETTON:
How thoroughly dismal.

EVELYN:
The accident, Mr Stretton? Or the strike?

STRETTON:
Oh, both, both, Miss Smythe. But I fear it's typical of this town.

DOCTOR:
Ackleton? Oh, it has its charm and its... vibrant atmosphere. The beating heart of the industrial revolution!

STRETTON:
I'm trying to convince the party to let me stand somewhere in Kent next time. Clara has no chance of finding a suitable husband here, none at all.

F/X FRONT DOOR CLOSES.

STRETTON:
I imagine that's her now.

DOCTOR:
You should be proud of her. She's only acting with the best of intentions.

STRETTON:
When you attend my funeral, please tell that to your fellow mourners – I'm sure they'll find it of great comfort.

F/X DOOR OPENS, CLARA ENTERS.

CLARA:
Father – have you heard about the accident?

STRETTON:
Indeed, I have heard altogether too much.

CLARA:
Well the workers have decided to down tools until there's been an independent safety inspection.

STRETTON:
And they receive a little extra in their wages, no doubt.

CLARA:

You do them a disservice. This is entirely about safety.

EVELYN:

I must admit, Mr Stretton, they do have my sympathies.

DOCTOR:

Yes, an employer does bear a responsibility to his workers. Their welfare is subject to his conduct, and if he doesn't want that responsibility, then he shouldn't be an employer.

CLARA:

I'm glad you think so, because I was hoping you could help.

DOCTOR:

Oh. Really?

SCENE 11. INT. FACTORY FLOOR

F/X FADE UP. DOCTOR TINKERS AROUND INSIDE A LARGE PIECE OF MACHINERY.

BREWSTER:

We said we wanted an expert.

TOWNSEND:

Mr Stretton has vouched for Dr Smith's credentials. I don't see why I need look any further afield.

DOCTOR:

Brewster, I can assure you of my impartiality. All that matters to me is that the events of this morning aren't repeated.

F/X DOCTOR SETS MACHINE RUNNING.

DOCTOR:

Rotary mechanism seems to be in good working order, but this piston arm's coming out of lock as it travels back.

TOWNSEND:

That doesn't prove anything. There's never been an injury at this machine.

DOCTOR:

Yes... I'm sure you'd have caught this yourself during routine maintenance. Do you have a replacement for this piston?

TOWNSEND:

In the cellar. Brewster?

BREWSTER:

Why do I have to get it?

TOWNSEND:

Because I am in charge and it is your job to do as I say.

BREWSTER:

Oh. Yeah. But this doesn't count as returning to work, okay?

SCENE 12. EXT. STREETS

F/X EVELYN AND CLARA WALK ALONG.

CLARA:

I hope I haven't put the Doctor in an awkward situation.

EVELYN:

Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. Awkward situations are the Doctor's bread and butter.

CLARA:

I wouldn't want to jeopardise his business with Mr Belfrage.

EVELYN:

What type of man is he, this Mr Belfrage?

CLARA:

Well, Father was the one who brought him here. Initially Father spoke of him as a possible match for me, but, well, we both found him peculiarly abrasive and Father didn't really want an industrialist in the family if he could help it. Mr Belfrage is what is known as a 'self-made man', you see.

EVELYN:

He seems popular in the town.

CLARA:

Well, of course, he revived the industry. But I fear his interest might suddenly wane, and then where will we be?

F/X EVELYN AND CLARA REACH CLARA'S HOUSE, ENTER.

EVELYN:

Where indeed? (BEAT) Please, don't mention this to him – but I gather you've met Thomas Brewster, is that right?

CLARA:

Oh yes. A curious young man – bold for someone of his station.

EVELYN:

You could say that. He was a sort of apprentice to the Doctor.

CLARA:

Gracious! He must have rare talents indeed for someone like the Doctor to confer such status on someone from his background.

EVELYN:

Yes. But it didn't work out. The Doctor was all for leaving him at the first opportunity, but I convinced the Doctor he deserved a new start. Otherwise he might slip back into bad habits.

CLARA:

Do you feel there's a danger of that with Mr Brewster?

EVELYN:

I'm afraid so. We found a position for Brewster here and, without mentioning it to him, decided to stay in town for a few days, to see how he settled in. My idea, not the Doctor's. But then the Doctor began to develop suspicions about Mr Belfrage and his factory...

CLARA:

Suspicions?

EVELYN:

Let's just say there may be more to Mr Belfrage than meets the eye...

SCENE 13. INT. CELLAR

F/X FOOTSTEPS ON STONE FLOOR. BREWSTER STARTS RUMMAGING THROUGH BOXES AND DRAWERS OF METAL JUNK.

BREWSTER:

Four-inch piston, four-inch piston, where are you? Bolts, yoke nuts, screws, spanners...

F/X DISTANT METALLIC CLANG.

BREWSTER:

Hello? Who's there? (FINDS) Ah. Four-inch pistons. Got you!

F/X BREWSTER WALKS AWAY. AND THEN, VERY CLOSE TO THE LISTENER, WE HEAR ONE, HUNGRY WORD:

HUMANOID:

Flesh.

SCENE 14. INT. FACTORY FLOOR

F/X DOCTOR RUNNING TESTS ON ANOTHER MACHINE.

DOCTOR:

This is the machine Mr Gibson was working at this morning?

TOWNSEND:

Aye. So what does listening to it with a stethoscope tell you?

DOCTOR:

It's in perfect working order. Keep it well-oiled, replace all moving parts regularly, and it should give you years of steam-driven pleasure.

TOWNSEND:

I knew it! It's the men that are at fault, not the machines.

F/X MACHINE TURNED OFF.

DOCTOR:

Well, perhaps they need better training -

TOWNSEND:

They need to keep their minds on the job is what they need. I mean, look at Brewster - how long's he been gone?

DOCTOR:

Almost an hour. I wonder if he's all right.

F/X BREWSTER RETURNS.

TOWNSEND:

Speak of the devil. Where have you been?

BREWSTER:

I got the piston you needed.

TOWNSEND:

And how did you spend the rest of your holiday?

BREWSTER:

I'm sorry, I... got lost.

TOWNSEND:

Lost? How could you get lost in the cellar?

BREWSTER:

Hey, it's like a maze down there, it's pitch dark, and there's so much junk lying about, you can never find anything.

DOCTOR:

Sounds like a spot of spring cleaning may be in order? Thank you for finding this, Brewster. I've finished the inspection.

BREWSTER:

And?

SCENE 15. EXT. FACTORY YARD

F/X FADE UP. DOCTOR ADDRESSING CROWD.

DOCTOR:

I can assure you all that the machinery is safe. So long as you are vigilant and take care, you should come to no harm.

WORKMEN:

What? / I don't like this. / I was sure he'd find something.

TOWNSEND:

You heard him. So you can all get back to work!

WORKMEN:

No chance. / You're joking, aren't you? / You can't be asking us to go back in there after what happened!

F/X DOCTOR TRIES TO REGAIN ATTENTION.

DOCTOR:

But if you do notice anything out of the ordinary, anything at all, you are to report it to me at once.

BREWSTER:

You just couldn't bear to help me, could you?

DOCTOR:

(LOW) Brewster, the machines are working perfectly, you saw that. What am I supposed to say?

TOWNSEND:

Now, gents, we've lost most of this morning, so if you'd care to get back to your workplaces -

BREWSTER:

No.

TOWNSEND:

No?

BREWSTER:

We're not going back to work. (TO CROWD) Are we?

F/X CROWD SAYS 'NO!'

SCENE 16. INT. STEPHEN'S HOUSE

F/X STEPHEN IS IN BED, BREWSTER IS WITH HIM. NOT IN BED WITH HIM. AT HIS BEDSIDE. JUST TO MAKE THAT CLEAR.

STEPHEN:

There's ways of going about these things, Brewster. Principles. You shouldn't ask for more after they've agreed to your terms.

BREWSTER:

The men won't go back in unless they get something in return.

STEPHEN:

I should be out there, this is my - (job)

F/X KNOCK AT DOOR.

STEPHEN:

Yes?

F/X CLARA ENTERS.

CLARA:

Mr Gibson - how are you?

STEPHEN:

Not too bad, considering.

CLARA:

I thought you should know. Mr Belfrage has just returned to Ackleton.

STEPHEN:

Good. Take me to him.

CLARA:

Oh, but Mr Gibson - you should be resting.

STEPHEN:

I'll rest a lot easier when this is all sorted out.

SCENE 17. INT. BELFRAGE'S OFFICE

F/X FURIOUS KNOCKING AT DOOR.

BELFRAGE:
Yes? Come in?

F/X TOWNSEND ENTERS.

TOWNSEND:
Mr Belfrage! What are we going to do about the strike, sir?

BELFRAGE:
Oh, there's a strike? I thought it was rather quiet. Assumed it was some religious holiday or other.

TOWNSEND:
No sir. There was an accident this morning and Stephen Gibson, he lost three fingers.

BELFRAGE:
How sad. Send his family some cooked meat and alcohol by way of an apology.

TOWNSEND:
He doesn't have a family. His wife died childless sixteen years ago.

BELFRAGE:
Well, then just send enough for one.

TOWNSEND:
I got an independent engineer to assess the condition of the machinery, he said there was nothing wrong – but now the workers are demanding shorter hours and more rest-breaks.

BELFRAGE:
Right. (BEAT) That all sounds perfectly reasonable. Give them what they want and let's have an end to it.

TOWNSEND:
What?

BELFRAGE:
Put together a new schedule, could you? I have a reception to prepare for. Which do you think – bow-tie or four-in-hand?

TOWNSEND:
But sir –

F/X BELFRAGE LEAVES THE OFFICE.

SCENE 18. EXT. STREET

F/X DOCTOR AND EVELYN WALKING. EVENING BIRDSONG.

EVELYN:

There really was nothing wrong with the machinery?

DOCTOR:

Not that I could find. Mr Townsend seems to run a pretty tight ship.

EVELYN:

So you think the accident was Stephen's fault?

DOCTOR:

Accidents will happen. However, there's also the small matter of this device.

EVELYN:

Ah. The item you stole from Mr Belfrage's office?

DOCTOR:

Stole? I prefer to think of it as gathering evidence.

EVELYN:

What does it do?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. I've tried pressing the buttons, but other than making some bleeping noises – (F/X: SMALL, HI-TECH BLEEPING NOISES) – nothing seems to happen.

EVELYN:

Maybe it's a musical instrument?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps. Only one person to ask.

F/X FOOTSTEPS WALKING PAST.

EVELYN:

Mr Belfrage!

DOCTOR:

Indeed.

EVELYN:

No, Doctor. Look – Mr Belfrage. He's come back. I recognise him from the painting in his office.

DOCTOR:

Interesting that he should choose this moment to return...

SCENE 19. EXT. FACTORY YARD

F/X BELFRAGE WALKS OUT.

WORKMEN:

He's in there now. / Bet we get nothing out of him. / Look, he's coming out.

BELFRAGE:

Ah, Gibson, isn't it? Shouldn't you be recuperating?

STEPHEN:

Not until I know that every man here [has the -]

BELFRAGE:

I've agreed to everything. Shorter shifts, longer breaks.

BREWSTER:

For the same money?

BELFRAGE:

I thought I might offer you slightly more. Business is rather good at the moment. It's not going to be a problem, is it?

STEPHEN:

No, no. Not at all.

WORKMEN:

More money? / Blimey. / How much more, d'you think?

BELFRAGE:

Now if you'll excuse me... no peace for the wicked.

F/X BELFRAGE LEAVES. TOWNSEND ENTERS YARD.

TOWNSEND:

You heard the boss! You're getting what you want, on one condition -

BREWSTER:

He didn't mention any conditions!

TOWNSEND:

On one condition - that you work a late shift tonight to catch up on the time lost today. We've got orders to fulfil.

WORKMEN:

Huh - all right. / Fair enough. / Suppose it's worth it if we're getting more.

CLARA:

Mr Gibson, where are you going?

STEPHEN:

Where do you think? Back to work.

BREWSTER:

You can't go back to your old job, not now.

STEPHEN:

I've still got one good hand. I'll do a stock-take in the cellar. Everybody's always said that place needs a proper sorting-out.

SCENE 20. INT. STRETTON HOUSE

F/X FADE UP. SMALL, POLITE GATHERING.

BELFRAGE:

(WALKING OVER) Mr Stretton, delighted to see you, delighted. And may I say, this is a fabulous little bash!

STRETTON:

Oh, please. It was no trouble at all to arrange it all at the drop of a hat when your message arrived at one o'clock this afternoon. How was Venice?

BELFRAGE:

Even better than I'd heard. The *Piazza San Marco*, the *Teatro La Fenice*, the Rialto bridge...

DOCTOR:

You should've seen it in the good old days.

BELFRAGE:

Indeed, but I'd say the faded glory lends it a certain...

DOCTOR:

Romantic melancholy?

BELFRAGE:

Yes. I couldn't have put it better myself.

STRETTON:

Sorry – Mr Belfrage, this is Dr John Smith and Miss Evelyn Smythe.

BELFRAGE:

Delighted.

EVELYN:

Mr Stretton? I think one of your staff is trying to get your attention.

STRETTON:

(TUTS) Calamities in the kitchen, no doubt. Excuse me. (EXITS)

EVELYN:

We've been looking forward to meeting you, Mr Belfrage.

BELFRAGE:

(NERVOUSLY) Really? I hope it was worth the – (wait)

DOCTOR:

Perhaps we could talk alone? In the study?

SCENE 21. INT. STUDY

F/X DOOR CLOSES BEHIND DOCTOR, EVELYN AND BELFRAGE.

BELFRAGE:

Who are you two anyway?

EVELYN:

I'm Evelyn Smythe, and -

BELFRAGE:

No, I can remember your names. What I'm not entirely clear about is who you are, and what you're doing here.

DOCTOR:

We're a couple of people who found this in your office.

F/X SMALL HI-TECH TOOL BLEEPS, AS BEFORE.

BELFRAGE:

Oh. Great heavens. What is it?

DOCTOR:

I'm not entirely sure myself.

BELFRAGE:

Well, it's not mine. I've never seen it before in my life!

F/X DOOR OPENS, STRETTON ENTERS.

STRETTON:

What are you all doing lurking in here? You look like Roman conspirators.

BELFRAGE:

Dr Smith wanted to ask my opinion on something he found at the factory.

STRETTON:

Oh?

BELFRAGE:

Show him. It really is a peculiar little thing. It's not mine though.

DOCTOR:

Er...

STRETTON:

Let's have a look then.

BELFRAGE:

And if you'll excuse me, there are people out there I'd like to catch up with.

F/X BELFRAGE LEAVES. SMALL HI-TECH TOOL NOISE.

STRETTON:

'Pon my soul.

SCENE 22. INT. FACTORY FLOOR

F/X WHISTLE BLOWS END OF SHIFT. WORKERS SHUFFLING OUT.

BREWSTER:

Mr Townsend? You haven't seen Mr Gibson, have you?

TOWNSEND:

No, I haven't. Why?

BREWSTER:

No-one's seen him since he went down to the cellar, and that was six hours ago.

TOWNSEND:

Really? And you're sure he didn't just slip home while your back was turned?

BREWSTER:

He might not have heard the whistle. Maybe I should go and get him?

TOWNSEND:

All right, but don't get yourself lost again. I need to lock up.

SCENE 23. INT. STRETTON HOUSE

F/X GUESTS MILLING AROUND. DOCTOR AND STRETTON ENTER.

STRETTON:

Never seen anything like it in my life. Remarkable!

DOCTOR:

Clara!

STRETTON:

Oh, don't show it to her – she's fanciful enough as it is.

CLARA:

Oh, am I?

DOCTOR:

Is Mr Belfrage around?

CLARA:

No Father, I was about to tell you. Mr Belfrage was feeling unwell. He's gone home.

STRETTON:

Gone home? Before dinner?

DOCTOR:

Blast!

STRETTON:

Profoundly vexing man – Doctor? Where are you going?

F/X DOCTOR LEAVES, HURRIEDLY.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Sorry! Things to do, people to see!

STRETTON:

Losing guests at a rate of knots here. I do hope it's not a reflection on the catering.

SCENE 24. INT. FACTORY CELLAR

F/X BREWSTER DESCENDS.

BREWSTER:

Stephen? You about? It's home time! No clock down here, eh?
Even if there was, you wouldn't be able to – (see it)

F/X DISTANT NOISE.

BREWSTER:

Stephen? Is that you? What are you doing over there?

SCENE 25. EXT. STREET/INT. STATION OFFICE

F/X DOCTOR AND EVELYN RUNNING THROUGH STREETS.

DOCTOR:

I can't believe it. We had him in our grasp!

EVELYN:

He did seem genuinely surprised when he saw that gadget.

DOCTOR:

Maybe he was telling the truth – maybe it's not his. That doesn't mean I'm not right about him.

EVELYN:

He's not exactly acting like a man with nothing to hide.

DOCTOR:

Yes... Train station! Let's check in here...

F/X THEY SCOOT INSIDE STATION. TRAIN WHISTLE BEING BLOWN ON PLATFORM, OFF.

DOCTOR:

Hello! Station master! Mr Belfrage – did he just...?

STATION MASTER:

Aye, he's just got on the Liverpool train.

EVELYN:

What, that [one-?]

F/X STEAM TRAIN PULLS OUT, OFF.

STATION MASTER:

Yes, ma'am. That one.

SCENE 26. INT. FACTORY CELLAR

F/X BREWSTER STILL MOVING THROUGH CELLAR.

BREWSTER:

Stephen? That you? It's me. Brewster.

F/X MACHINERY STARTS TO MOVE AROUND HIM.

BREWSTER:

(BEAT) Ohh, stuff this for a game of soldiers. I'm getting out of -

F/X THE METALLIC STEPS OF A HUMANOID IN FRONT OF HIM.

HUMANOID:

Flesh.

BREWSTER:

Whoaaa! Er -

HUMANOID:

Fresh. Living. Flesh!

BREWSTER:

Look, sorry to disturb you, whatever you are, only I was looking for this friend of mine... anyway, I can see he's not here, so if you don't mind -

F/X HUMANOID HOWLS AND LASHES OUT WITH AN ARM MADE OF METAL AND BONE. IT STRIKES THE NEAREST PILLAR, CAUSING CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE.

BREWSTER:

Your arm... there's metal in it. Solid metal!

HUMANOID:

Flesh!

F/X HUMANOID STRIKES AGAIN.

BREWSTER:

Hey, watch what you're doing! You'll bring the whole ceiling down on us if you keep -

HUMANOID:

Flesh! Flesh! Flesh!

F/X HUMANOID STRIKES AGAIN. CEILING CAVES IN.

GRAMS DOCTOR WHO THEME

PART TWO

GRAMS DOCTOR WHO THEME

NO REPRISE

SCENE 27. INT. LIVERPOOL STATION

F/X BACK ROOM. TARDIS LANDS, DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Aha! Told you I'd find a spot where nobody would notice us.

F/X DOCTOR AND EVELYN EXIT TARDIS, CLOSE DOOR, HEAD FOR PLATFORM.

EVELYN:

You know, Belfrage might not be coming here.

DOCTOR:

The station master said he'd bought a ticket for Liverpool.

EVELYN:

He might have got off at an earlier stop.

DOCTOR:

True, but I don't think he would've been expecting us to be here waiting for him - this is his train coming in now.

F/X STEAM TRAIN APPROACHING AS THEY STEP ONTO THE PLATFORM.

EVELYN:

So we needn't have bothered with all that running.

DOCTOR:

Fun though, wasn't it?

EVELYN:

No.

F/X TRAIN IS PULLING IN.

DOCTOR:

Keep a look-out for him getting off the train.

F/X TRAIN HAS STOPPED, PEOPLE POUR OUT.

EVELYN:

There he is!

DOCTOR:
Aha!

F/X THEY DASH OVER TO SOMEBODY.

DOCTOR:
Mr Belfrage! Would you mind coming with -

PASSENGER:
What?

EVELYN:
Oh.

DOCTOR:
Sorry, we thought you were someone else.

F/X MAN WALKS ON.

EVELYN:
Sorry, I could have sworn - Oh there he is!

DOCTOR:
Where?

EVELYN:
He just walked off the platform. Come on!

DOCTOR:
Oh, so now it's fine to run, is it?

F/X THEY RUSH OFF IN PURSUIT.

SCENE 28. INT. FACTORY CELLAR

F/X MEN MOVING RUBBLE.

STEPHEN:
(CALLS) Here he is! I've found him!

F/X EVERYONE RUSHES OVER, STARTS MOVING RUBBLE OFF BREWSTER.

TOWNSEND:
He's dead.

STEPHEN:
Brewster! Brewster, are you all right?

BREWSTER:
(WEAKLY) Eh? (COUGHS)

STEPHEN:
He's alive.

TOWNSEND:
What the hell happened to you, lad?

STEPHEN:
Can you save the questions for later? Help me lift him.

F/X STEPHEN HELPS BREWSTER OUT OF THE RUBBLE.

BREWSTER:
It's alright, reckon I can stand –

STEPHEN:
Nothing broken?

BREWSTER:
No.

STEPHEN:
Then let's get you some air. (ALoud) C'mon, give us some room!

F/X THEY SHUFFLE UP THE STAIRS.

BREWSTER:
Stephen – listen. Listen!

STEPHEN:
I'm trying to get you out of here.

BREWSTER:

Everyone's got to get out of here. There's something down there. Like a man, but taller... and with pipes and bolts and things sticking out of his skin.

STEPHEN:

Eh?

BREWSTER:

I'm not joking. He took a swipe at the pillar and it crumbled to pieces. That's why the roof caved in, it's not safe -

STEPHEN:

Calm down, lad. You've had a knock on the head. Come on.

SCENE 29. EXT. LIVERPOOL STREET

F/X DOCTOR AND EVELYN WALKING ALONG, KEEPING LOW PROFILE.

EVELYN:

Now our Mr Belfrage knows we're following him.

DOCTOR:

And he doesn't seem surprised that we're here. Anyone who came from this planet, in this time, would be absolutely bamboozled by that.

EVELYN:

So you're right, he's [not-] (BREAKING OFF) He's stopped!

F/X DOCTOR AND EVELYN STOP TOO.

DOCTOR:

Don't look at him. Pretend we're having a conversation.

EVELYN:

What about?

DOCTOR:

It doesn't matter what it's about, he can't hear us.

EVELYN:

Then we hardly need to pretend, do we?

DOCTOR:

Keep it up, this is going well.

EVELYN:

Who's he talking to?

DOCTOR:

Small, thin man in an overcoat - rather heavy for this time of year. He's leading Belfrage towards a boarded-up shop. They're going inside. Come on.

F/X THEY HURRY OVER TO THE BUILDING. CROSS TO:

SCENE 30. EXT. BESIDE SHOP

F/X They hurry UP TO BUILDING, try the door.

DOCTOR:
Locked. Hairpin?

EVELYN:
There.

DOCTOR:
Thank you.

F/X DOCTOR FIDDLES WITH THE LOCK.

EVELYN:
There's something inside here.

DOCTOR:
It seems likely. Most buildings have something inside them.

EVELYN:
No, I mean something odd. Touch the walls and you can feel a buzzing and a... tingly sort of taste in your mouth.

DOCTOR:
(TO LOCK) Oh for goodness' sake, come on -

F/X DOCTOR BREAKS THE LOCK, DOOR OPENS. SHOP BELL JINGLES.

EVELYN:
There goes the element of surprise.

DOCTOR:
Come on! Quickly!

F/X THEY PELT INSIDE.

SCENE 31. INT. SHOP

F/X DOCTOR AND EVELYN RUSH IN TO FIND A SMALL SPACESHIP. ITS ENGINES RISE IN PITCH – DOCTOR AND EVELYN SHOUT OVER THE NOISE.

EVELYN:
What is it?

DOCTOR:
A space capsule belonging to the Doran, by the looks of it.

EVELYN:
And that noise it's making means...?

DOCTOR:
It means it's just about to –

F/X DEMATERIALISATION NOISE. ENGINE NOISE VANISHES.

DOCTOR:
Leave.

EVELYN:
Taking Belfrage with it.

SCENE 32. EXT. YARD

F/X DOOR OPENS, STEPHEN HELPS BREWSTER OUT. CLARA RUNS OVER.

CLARA:
Mr Brewster!

BREWSTER:
Miss Stretton? What are you doing here?

CLARA:
I only just heard. I came to see if you were all right.

BREWSTER:
Yeah, I'm right as ninepence. Thanks to Stephen here.

CLARA:
You're covered in cuts. Come back to the house with me and we'll get those properly dressed.

BREWSTER:
Oh, I don't want to trouble [you, Miss -]

CLARA:
Good heavens, you've just had a roof fall on your head, so please do as you're told for once! Mr Gibson, how brave of you to rescue him when you - Mr Gibson, may I see your hand?

STEPHEN:
No.

CLARA:
But your fingers -

STEPHEN:
The extent of my injuries was exaggerated by gossip, Miss. My fingers are healing well.

CLARA:
I was there. I saw it.

BREWSTER:
So did I.

CLARA:
Your fingers were entirely severed. So how -?

STEPHEN:
Please, just forget it, it's nothing. Now, I must help with the clearing up.

F/X STEPHEN GOES BACK INSIDE.

CLARA:

Extraordinary. (BEAT) Come along, Mr Brewster. Time we got you tidied up too.

SCENE 33. EXT. ALLEY

F/X DOOR OPENS, DOCTOR AND EVELYN EXIT.

DOCTOR:

– just want to take a look out the back.

EVELYN:

Why?

DOCTOR:

To check they haven't dumped any dangerous waste.

EVELYN:

Ha! You're an intergalactic caretaker.

DOCTOR:

It does feel like it, sometimes –

F/X BELFRAGE, LYING IN CORNER, GROANS.

EVELYN:

Doctor! Beside the dustbins!

DOCTOR:

(GOING OVER) Ah, Mr Belfrage! We were worried we'd missed you.

BELFRAGE:

(DAZED) What?

EVELYN:

Looks like he's been stunned.

DOCTOR:

Yes. I think you've been the victim of a double-cross, haven't you?

F/X BELFRAGE SUDDENLY LEAPS UP.

BELFRAGE:

Get back!

DOCTOR:

Steady on, we only want to know what you're –

F/X BELFRAGE PUNCHES DOCTOR IN THE FACE.

DOCTOR:

Ow!

EVELYN:

There was no call for that!

BELFRAGE:

You'll have to catch me, coppers!

F/X BELFRAGE DASHES AWAY DOWN THE ALLEY.

DOCTOR:

Coppers?

SCENE 34. INT. STRETTON HOUSE — DRAWING ROOM

F/X CLARA ENTERS.

STRETTON:

There you are, Clara. I was worried, it's almost three o'clock in the (SEES BREWSTER BEHIND) - what on Earth?

BREWSTER:

Pleasant to see you again, Mr Stretton.

CLARA:

Mr Brewster has suffered a terrible accident, Father.

STRETTON:

I'm starting to feel we suffered a terrible accident the day we decided to come to this town. Come here, girl. (CLARA CROSSES OVER) (SOTTO) Clara, you cannot bring men home from the factory. I thank God that our guests have departed.

CLARA:

(SOTTO) Father, how can you be so inhuman? These are good, honest people —

STRETTON:

(SOTTO) I don't dispute their honesty or their goodness, but Clara, they are not our people. Do you wish to be like them?

CLARA:

(SOTTO) No, but —

STRETTON:

(SOTTO) And yet all this contact you have with them can only serve to coarsen your own manners. I am concerned for you, and your future — if you carry on like this, what man will want you?

CLARA:

(SOTTO) Perhaps, a man who believes as I do that human suffering must always be alleviated whenever one possesses the means to do so. (ALoud) Please sit down, Mr Brewster, and I shall fetch you some left-overs from the meal.

F/X CLARA STORMS OUT.

BREWSTER:

(BEAT) Nice house, sir.

SCENE 35. EXT. ALLEY

F/X BELFRAGE RUNNING, THEN HE STOPS.

BELFRAGE:
Damn!

F/X DOCTOR AND EVELYN RUNNING BEHIND HIM. THEY CATCH UP.

EVELYN:
It's a dead end, Mr Belfrage.

F/X BELFRAGE STARTS TRYING TO CLIMB THE WALL.

DOCTOR:
The wall's too high. You'll never be able to climb it.

BELFRAGE:
Try and stop me!

EVELYN:
I'm not sure we need to.

F/X BELFRAGE FALTERS AND FALLS HEAVILY TO THE GROUND.

BELFRAGE:
Ow...

DOCTOR:
Now. Are you willing to stop being ridiculous?

F/X LASER PISTOL POWERING UP.

BELFRAGE:
Oh no. Doctor. You've had your chance. Now – get out of my way or I'll shoot.

DOCTOR:
You do realise the device you're pointing at us isn't a weapon, but is in fact a metallurgical spectrometer?

F/X METALLURGICAL SPECTROMETER POWERING DOWN.

BELFRAGE:
All right. You got me. Are you going to do me for resisting arrest as well?

EVELYN:
We're not the police.

BELFRAGE:

Oh good.

DOCTOR:

Which begs the question – what do you have to feel so guilty about?

BELFRAGE:

If you're not the police, I'm not telling you anything.

DOCTOR:

You will if you want my help – which you quite clearly need. What species are you?

BELFRAGE:

(SIGHS) I'm Cahlian.

DOCTOR:

Cahlian. Ah! So you're using a patch to pass for human. (TO EVELYN) They're usually red-skinned, with scales and a tail. If he walked around here in his real appearance, you'd think Lucifer himself had dropped in.

EVELYN:

So why are you scared about the police catching up with you?

BELFRAGE:

I've been smuggling halite off-world.

EVELYN:

Halite?

DOCTOR:

Rock salt.

EVELYN:

I know what halite is.

DOCTOR:

Earth salt is considered a delicacy on certain worlds. And because Earth hasn't yet made first interplanetary contact any trade in its goods is illegal.

BELFRAGE:

I've got a stake in a salt mine in Northwich – I just take a small percentage, ask no questions. All minor league stuff.

DOCTOR:

Those trade rules exist for a reason.

BELFRAGE:

Look, if I ever get off this planet, I'm retiring. You don't have to worry about that.

EVELYN:

You're stranded here?

BELFRAGE:

Four years ago I parked my Astropod here and toddled off to Northwich, to pick up a consignment.

DOCTOR:

Why so far away?

BELFRAGE:

I always land where nobody will recognise me, in case I get seen. But the risk is leaving it unattended, you see. I got back to find the thing had been stripped – starnav, orbital stabiliser, cloak, comm system, even the hi-fi. And I'd left all my weapons on board. Stupid, I know, but I'd had so many smooth trips you can hardly blame me for getting complacent.

DOCTOR:

Surely you could have sent a distress signal?

BELFRAGE:

I could, but then it'd be handcuffs, good morning judge and a lifetime on a penal asteroid. So I've been trying to get in contact with other offworlders who are popping by on the sly, so I can trade with them for spare parts for my ship.

EVELYN:

Was that what you were doing with those people we saw you with?

BELFRAGE:

No, they'd offered me a lift back to Cahlia – for a price. I wasn't going to take them up on it, but when you showed up I thought it was better than getting nabbed by the fuzz.

EVELYN:

Why weren't you going to take them up on it?

BELFRAGE:

I've got a cargo of salt to bring with me. My retirement plan! I know what that Doran lot are like – they'd have had the lot off me faster than you can say Miasimia Gorla.

DOCTOR:

Well, I'm willing to offer you passage off the planet.

BELFRAGE:
You will?

DOCTOR:
But! You leave the salt behind.

BELFRAGE:
What?

DOCTOR:
It's either that, or we report you to the authorities.

BELFRAGE:
(SIGHS) Yeah, all right. It'd be worth it just be on a planet
without such a frequently condensational weather cycle.

SCENE 36. INT. STRETTON'S HOUSE – DRAWING ROOM

F/X AS BEFORE.

BREWSTER:

(PICKING THINGS OFF MANTEL) Lovely porcelain pieces you've got here on the mantel, Mr Stretton, sir. Very fine.

STRETTON:

Yes, and I'd be obliged if you'd replace them. Now, listen to me, Brewster.

BREWSTER:

I'm listening, sir. You've got my full attention.

STRETTON:

My daughter seems to have taken a particular interest in you, has she not?

BREWSTER:

I wouldn't know about that, since I don't know how much interest she takes in everyone else.

STRETTON:

Don't dissemble, Brewster. You are not only aware of it, you take pleasure in it. It suits you well; you have ideas above your station. But Clara is a sensible girl.

BREWSTER:

Yeah, she must get it from her mother's side of the family.

STRETTON:

The thought of impropriety will not even have entered her mind. What she feels for you is pity, pure and simple. It does not concern me what she might do. What does concern me is what others may choose to believe.

BREWSTER:

You can't control what people think, sir.

STRETTON:

I can try. Brewster, you have no roots here. I could provide a substantial financial incentive for you to move on and never come into contact with Clara again.

BREWSTER:

(BEAT) What kind of incentive?

STRETTON:

Fifty pounds.

BREWSTER:

(WHISTLES) You were right. That's pretty substantial.

STRETTON:

You cannot put a price on a young lady's reputation.

BREWSTER:

Oh, I don't know. I think you just have.

F/X CLARA IS RETURNING.

STRETTON:

Think on it, Brewster. The offer is for a limited time only.

CLARA:

Here we are. Goose, potatoes, carrots, and a slice of bride cake.

BREWSTER:

Much obliged to you, Miss Stretton.

CLARA:

If you are still hungry, there is a good deal more.

STRETTON:

Yes, we lost three guests before dinner had even been served, hence we now have something of a surplus!

SCENE 37. INT. LIVERPOOL STATION

F/X DOCTOR, EVELYN AND BELFRAGE ENTER THE BACK ROOM.

BELFRAGE:

You parked your ship here, at the station? What sort of ship is it?

DOCTOR:

Something rather more advanced than – Oh.

BELFRAGE:

What? Oh. Invisible shielding! Like it! The trick with these is to blink your eyes alternately, gives away the outline.

EVELYN:

It was definitely here.

BELFRAGE:

You mean the thing that we're looking for isn't invisible?

EVELYN:

No. The TARDIS has gone.

DOCTOR:

It hasn't just gone. It's been stolen!

SCENE 38. INT. STATION

F/X FADE UP. DOCTOR LEAVING AN OFFICE.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Yes, thank you – I'm sure it was an honest mistake.

F/X CLOSES DOOR.

EVELYN:

Well?

DOCTOR:

Apparently the TARDIS was standing next to some items waiting for transport. It was loaded onto a freight train for London. When it arrives they'll have it sent straight up to Ackleton, but that won't be until tomorrow.

BELFRAGE:

And there won't be a train back to Ackleton, not for another couple of hours.

DOCTOR:

Evelyn! How do you fancy exploring the nocturnal sights of 19th-century Liverpool? 'The New York of Europe'?

EVELYN:

Not a great deal.

SCENE 39. INT. FACTORY FLOOR

F/X FADE UP. HARD AT WORK. CLARA AND BREWSTER ENTER.

CLARA:
Good morning, Mr Townsend.

TOWNSEND:
(BEAT) Miss Stretton.

BREWSTER:
Mr Townsend.

TOWNSEND:
Late again, Brewster. I should clock on before you miss any more of the day, if I were you.

CLARA:
I shall redeem your shortfall in wages from my own allowance, Mr Brewster.

BREWSTER:
Much obliged, Miss Stretton.

TOWNSEND:
And to what do we owe the pleasure of your luminous presence?

BREWSTER:
Well, [I work -]

TOWNSEND:
Miss Stretton, Brewster, not you.

CLARA:
I note that the factory floor is up and running.

TOWNSEND:
Indeed. Why wouldn't it be?

CLARA:
Due to the enormous hole in it, perhaps?

TOWNSEND:
Most of the floor is entirely unaffected, rebuilding will take some weeks, and in the meantime we have orders to fulfil. We've already lost a good deal of time thanks to yesterday's strike.

CLARA:
You're lucky they haven't gone on strike again today.

TOWNSEND:

The Lord has indeed smiled down upon me. Thank you for bringing that to my attention.

CLARA:

Have you checked the cellar for further structural problems?

TOWNSEND:

(BEAT) I was just about to do so. Brewster!

BREWSTER:

What?

TOWNSEND:

You're the only one who saw what happened last night. I need you to act as my guide in the underworld. You can be my Virgil!

BREWSTER:

Do I have to?

CLARA:

It does seem a little untoward to ask him to return so soon.

TOWNSEND:

I'll be there to hold his hand, make sure he doesn't take fright. Come on, Brewster.

BREWSTER:

(SIGHS) All right. But we get a gas lamp each, you got that?

SCENE 40. INT. TRAIN

F/X TRAIN CHUNTERING ALONG.

EVELYN:

What a beautiful morning.

DOCTOR:

Yes, and a lovely part of the world. Was that what made you chose Ackleton, Mr Belfrage? The scenery?

BELFRAGE:

Good grief, no. Why do you ask?

DOCTOR:

Most of the copper industry is in South Wales and Cornwall, it would seem more sensible for you to have based yourself there.

BELFRAGE:

I needed to get the Astropod under cover as soon as possible, so I grabbed the most convenient empty property that I could find. The old Ackleton silk mill.

EVELYN:

Ah yes, I heard you became the hero of the town.

BELFRAGE:

The mill was the only major employer, when that died the town died. Stretton had just become the MP, and when he heard I was looking for property in the area, he convinced the land owner to give me the mill for a peppercorn rent. But I had to do something with it, and I just so happened to know a little trick with copper production which nobody else knew.

DOCTOR:

Ah yes – extrusion. That was the first thing which tipped me off about you – it's not supposed to be introduced in copper production for another thirty years.

BELFRAGE:

It's been a hell of a job keeping it secret, I can tell you.

F/X TRAIN IS SLOWING DOWN.

EVELYN:

Here we are. Ackleton.

BELFRAGE:

Yeah, and for the last time, I hope.

SCENE 41. INT. FACTORY CELLAR

F/X BREWSTER AND TOWNSEND STROLL THROUGH CELLAR.

TOWNSEND:

Now, we shall have to do this methodically. You know what 'methodically' means, Brewster?

BREWSTER:

Yeah, we do it your way.

F/X: TOWNSEND UNFURLING MAP.

TOWNSEND:

This is a floor plan of the cellar. We are here.

BREWSTER:

No we're not.

TOWNSEND:

An auspicious beginning. What do you mean, no we're not?

BREWSTER:

Well, look, this room's clearly bigger than that one. There are three pillars on the plan, I can see at least five from here.

TOWNSEND:

Hm. The plan must be out of date.

BREWSTER:

How long have you worked here, Mr Townsend?

TOWNSEND:

The four years Mr Belfrage has been here, plus nineteen years when it was a silk mill. Why do you ask?

BREWSTER:

It's just you're looking around the place like you've never seen this part of the cellar before.

TOWNSEND:

It's all changed since I was lowly enough to work down here.

F/X THEY STOP.

BREWSTER:

What's this for then?

TOWNSEND:

Er... well it's obviously pipes, and presumably...

BREWSTER:

Cos it looks to me like a whole load of pipes and valves all stuck together, like some giant, fat spider hanging from the ceiling. And, what with my humble education, I can't for the life of me work out what it does. Illuminate me, Mr Townsend.

SCENE 42. EXT. STATION

F/X PEOPLE GET OFF TRAIN — INCLUDING THE DOCTOR, EVELYN AND BELFRAGE. BEWILDERED CHATTER FROM PEOPLE IN FRONT OF THEM.

EVELYN:

Doctor? There's something going on in the booking office. Everyone's stopped to look.

BELFRAGE:

Oh, they've probably acquired a new hatstand and it's probably a slightly unusual colour. The small-town mentality, you know.

DOCTOR:

I think it's rather more than that.

F/X THEY GO INSIDE. PEOPLE MUTTERING TO EACH OTHER. IN THE BACKGROUND, DOZENS OF BITS OF MICRO-TECHNOLOGY WHIRR AND BLEEP QUIETLY.

EVELYN:

Stationmaster? What on Earth is all this-?

STATION MASTER:

I, uh, found these here items round the lintels when I opened up this morning. Lord alone knows what they all are, but I can tell you one thing. They've stuck to the walls like barnacles, there's no scraping them off.

DOCTOR:

Extraordinary. They seem to be made mostly from copper, but I can see evidence of diodes, microchips...

BELFRAGE:

It looks like a computer has thrown up.

EVELYN:

But what are they for? They must do something, surely?

DOCTOR:

Most of them seem to be fine construction tools, but I can see surgeon's tools, identity readers... and this is an atomic clock. But why all in one big chunk like this?

F/X PRINTER NOISE, A TICKET IS SPAT OUT.

EVELYN:

Oh. This thing's just issued me with a train ticket.

DOCTOR:

Well, this is a train station.

EVELYN:

Mr Belfrage, don't wander off. Do you know anything about this?

BELFRAGE:

Nothing to do with me, I'm afraid.

DOCTOR:

Hmm. Well, I'm afraid your lift home is going to have to wait. This demands investigation.

EVELYN:

(OFF) Doctor! There's more of it downstairs, in the cellar.

DOCTOR:

Right. Come on, Mr Belfrage.

STATION MASTER:

Hey! You can't go down... oh, all right, please yourselves.

SCENE 43. INT. FACTORY FLOOR

F/X STEPHEN OPERATES HIS MACHINE. CLARA COMES OVER.

CLARA:
Mr Gibson.

STEPHEN:
Miss Stretton.

CLARA:
You operate your machine with great ease, considering the injury you suffered just yesterday.

STEPHEN:
I thought I told you to forget it.

CLARA:
I apologise for disregarding your wishes, but I must have an answer. How did your fingers come back?

STEPHEN:
(LOW) It was not some deal with the devil, if that's what you're thinking.

CLARA:
(LOW) Good heavens no.

STEPHEN:
(LOW) It was last night, when I was stock-taking in the cellar. I don't remember what happened... it was as if I'd fallen asleep whilst walking... then the next thing I heard was the ceiling collapsing on Brewster, and my fingers [were just -]

F/X SCREAM FROM ACROSS THE FLOOR.

CLARA:
Oh good lord.

WORKMAN:
(SCREAMING) My hand... it's got my hand!

SCENE 44. INT. FACTORY CELLAR

F/X DULL RATTLING IN PIPES.

BREWSTER:
What's that?

TOWNSEND:
The pipes. There's something in the pipes.

F/X A SUCKING NOISE, THEN THE RATTLE MOVES — THUD THUD THUD —
ALONG WITH METALLIC NOISES. CONTINUES UNDER DIALOGUE.

BREWSTER:
It's moving. It's going down that end. What is it?

TOWNSEND:
A rat, I expect.

BREWSTER:
No — the valves are pushing it along.

TOWNSEND:
But who's operating it? There's no-one down here but you and me.

BREWSTER:
I wouldn't be so sure about that. (BEAT) Hey, I think it's heading down.

TOWNSEND:
There's an outlet at the bottom. If it is a rat, get ready to kill it.

F/X RATTLE CONTINUES, THEN A SEVERED HAND DROPS OUT OF THE PIPE.

BREWSTER:
Ugh!

TOWNSEND:
Oh my — It's a hand! A human hand!

BREWSTER:
With a wedding ring. Ugh. What is all this for?

TOWNSEND:
And more to the point, who built it without my knowledge?

BREWSTER:
So all this wasn't here the last time you were down here?

TOWNSEND:

No. I, ah... shall have to consult Mr Belfrage about this upon his return. Dispose of this – hand, please, there's a lad.

BREWSTER:

What?!?

TOWNSEND:

And then we go back to work. Back to normal.

SCENE 45. INT. TRAIN STATION (CELLAR)

F/X EVELYN DESCENDS, FOLLOWED BY THE DOCTOR AND BELFRAGE.
TINY MICRO-TECHNOLOGY NOISES ALL AROUND.

EVELYN:

(CALLS) Doctor! They go on all the way through here.

DOCTOR:

(COMING OVER) They've burrowed through the cellar wall. But from where?

BELFRAGE:

Look - are those arms?!?

EVELYN:

I believe they are! Tiny mechanical arms, passing raw material along the tunnel, through the cellar and...

DOCTOR:

Up the way we came. Yes - they're building more of themselves. Using a large quantity of copper. Any ideas where they might be getting that? Belfrage?

BELFRAGE:

(BEAT) Alright, alright, perhaps I do know something about it.

SCENE 46. INT. STRETTON HOUSE — DRAWING ROOM

F/X CLARA ENTERS.

STRETTON:

Clara, you look pale, whatever's the matter?

CLARA:

Father. There's been yet another accident at the factory — a man has lost a hand this time.

STRETTON:

Oh dear. But what more can be done? The Doctor said —

CLARA:

I don't care what the Doctor said. I am going to write letters to everyone I can think of informing them of the disgrace that is that bedevilled factory.

F/X MACHINERY NOISES, COMING FROM CELLAR, CAN BE HEARD UNDER DIALOGUE; QUIETLY AT FIRST, THEN GRADUALLY LOUDER.

STRETTON:

And what do you hope to achieve? Clara, at this rate you will have the place shut down, and then the town will be back where it was when we first arrived here. All my good work undone.

CLARA:

Father, I don't blame you for bringing Mr Belfrage here — I'm sure he seemed like a good [enough sort —]

STRETTON:

Blame me? The whole town should [be grateful for —]

CLARA:

Shh!

STRETTON:

Good heavens, I thought I had raised you with better manners [than to —]

CLARA:

No — I mean, listen, father! Listen!

F/X CLANK FROM CELLAR.

STRETTON:

What on Earth is that?

CLARA:

I think it came from the cellar.

SCENE 47. INT. STATION CELLAR/FACTORY CELLAR

F/X DOCTOR, EVELYN AND BELFRAGE WALKING ALONG.

BELFRAGE:

I bought it off a Vislak loss-adjuster. What can I say, he had an honest face. Well, two honest faces, to be precise.

EVELYN:

Sold what to you?

BELFRAGE:

It's an emergency device. He says his people carry them as standard. You see, it's impossible to carry a spare for every part, and even if you knew how to build a new one -

DOCTOR:

It's no use if you're on a planet which doesn't have a sufficiently high level of technology.

BELFRAGE:

Right. So this gizmo, it's called a Catalyst. You're meant to give it some examples of the best local tech to play with, and then it accelerates the technological level using its own data banks.

DOCTOR:

You give it a machine, and it uses that machine to make more advanced machines, and so on, and so on.

BELFRAGE:

Yeah, I dumped it in the cellar with a load of copper and other junk while I went off on the grand tour.

EVELYN:

Left it to its own devices, as it were.

DOCTOR:

(GROANS)

BELFRAGE:

Seems to be working, anyway.

DOCTOR:

Yes. It's working only too well.

EVELYN:

Why's it digging its way into other cellars? This is the fifth one we've been through. It's spreading all over the town.

BELFRAGE:

Search me. It didn't say anything about this in the leaflet.

DOCTOR:

Did it make the device I found in your office, I wonder?

EVELYN:

Did you ever work out what that was?

DOCTOR:

Some kind of tool. A medical implement, perhaps?

BELFRAGE:

Maybe I got the settings wrong. I don't know. Typical Visklak tech, never does what it's supposed to. I mean, I'm not being racist, [but -]

EVELYN:

Good.

F/X THEY STEP THROUGH TO THE FACTORY CELLAR.

BELFRAGE:

Right, now - past this archway, we're in the factory cellar.

DOCTOR:

Then let's find your gadget and turn it off before it spreads [any further -]

F/X DOCTOR HAS STOPPED BECAUSE THERE'S A SET OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

EVELYN:

(LOW) What's that?

DOCTOR:

(LOW) Mr Belfrage?

BELFRAGE:

(LOW) Don't look at me.

F/X ONE OF THE HUMANIDS WALKS PAST AND AWAY.

EVELYN:

(LOW) Oh good heavens.

DOCTOR:

(LOW) It's all right. I don't think it saw us.

BELFRAGE:

(LOW) Did it even have eyes? What was it? I saw metal, in its limbs. Pipes and bolts and –

DOCTOR:

(LOW) I have no idea, but it was heading up to the factory floor. We have to get up there and evacuate everybody.

BELFRAGE:

(LOW) We do?

SCENE 48. INT. FACTORY FLOOR

F/X MACHINERY WORKING. BREWSTER WALKING THROUGH WITH A SACK.

STEPHEN:

You heard the news then, Brewster?

BREWSTER:

Er, I gathered, yeah. Another accident.

STEPHEN:

And we can't find the Doctor. They've taken James home, but I'm not sure he'll make it. If you see the Doctor, tell him.

BREWSTER:

I will.

F/X BREWSTER WALKS ON.

TOWNSEND:

Brewster?

BREWSTER:

Yes?

TOWNSEND:

That sack you're carrying. Is that the, er...

BREWSTER:

The hand, sir? James's hand? Is his severed hand in my sack, is that what you're asking, sir?

TOWNSEND:

(LOW) Keep your voice down. I told you to get rid of it. Give it to me.

BREWSTER:

I don't want to go spreading wild assertions, but when you look at those pipes down there and you think about all the accidents we've had, well it looks almost like someone's collecting bits of people, doesn't it?

TOWNSEND:

Firstly, shut up; secondly, give me the sack; and thirdly, get back to work, or I will be the one giving you the sack.

BREWSTER:

All right, Mr Townsend. Whatever you say.

TOWNSEND:

Now [look sharp -]

F/X HUMANOID CLAMBERS UP THROUGH HOLE IN FLOOR, CREATING CONSTERNATION AMONG WORKERS.

WORKMEN:

What the — / Some kind of creature! / Look! What is it?

HUMANOID:

Townsend.

TOWNSEND:

Oh dear lord —

STEPHEN:

Get back, lads!!! (RUSHING OVER) What is that creature-?

BREWSTER:

(SHOUTS) It's the thing I saw, the monster what brought the cellar down on me. It's coming up through the hole in the floor!

HUMANOID:

The part.

TOWNSEND:

Wha — what —

BREWSTER:

The hand, it wants the hand.

HUMANOID:

And... Townsend.

TOWNSEND:

(GRABBED BY HUMANOID) What-? No! No, get off me-!

HUMANOID:

(RIPPING TOWNSEND APART) Townsend. Flesh. Fresh, living, flesh!

TOWNSEND:

Nooooooooo-!!!!

SCENE 49. INT. STRETTON CELLAR

F/X CLARA AND STRETTON DESCEND. CLANKING NOISE OF MACHINERY FROM BEHIND A WALL.

STRETTON:

Such a terrible noise! It's not some new-fangled device for clothes-laundering, is it?

CLARA:

I will ask Mary when she returns from shopping – but I'm sure she would have consulted us before buying something like that.

STRETTON:

It appears – yes, it appears to be coming from behind the inner wall.

CLARA:

Well, then – it must be something our neighbours have acquired.

STRETTON:

It's downright inconsiderate. I shall call on them and complain.

CLARA:

Father, please be conciliatory.

STRETTON:

I don't see why I should be, [it's –]

F/X SUDDENLY MACHINES BREAK THROUGH THE WALL. THEY CLANK AND CRUNCH MENACINGLY.

CLARA:

Good heavens!

STRETTON:

And now it's coming through the wall! Infernal machinery! Back! Back!!!

CLARA:

Father, it's getting closer. Father! Run!

SCENE 50. INT. FACTORY FLOOR

F/X HUMANOID CAN BE HEARD IN CELLAR, TEARING TOWNSEND APART.

HUMANOID:

(OFF) Flesh! Fresh. Living. Flesh!

BREWSTER:

It's dragged him back down the cellar. (BEAT) Eurgh, don't look!

STEPHEN:

Maybe it's on our side.

BREWSTER:

What?

STEPHEN:

Well, it killed Townsend, didn't it?

BREWSTER:

You stick around and try to sign it up to the union if you like, but I'll pass. (ALoud) I'm getting out of here. You lads with me?

F/X GENERAL MURMUR OF ASSENT. BREWSTER TRIES TO OPEN DOOR.

BREWSTER:

The door. Won't open.

STEPHEN:

Have you released the bolts?

BREWSTER:

They weren't on, it's wedged shut.

STEPHEN:

Get out the way and let me have a go.

F/X STEPHEN FIDDLES WITH THE DOOR. IN BACKGROUND, NOISE OF MACHINERY IS GETTING CLOSER AND WILDER.

STEPHEN:

Come on...

BREWSTER:

It's no good, we're locked in!

F/X STEPHEN RATTLES THE DOOR.

WORKMEN:

What? Can't we get out? / What's the problem? / We've got to get away from that thing!

STEPHEN:

Come on, stupid -

BREWSTER:

Stephen -

STEPHEN:

Brewster, if you just let me concentrate -

BREWSTER:

Stephen, the machines! They're running by themselves! -

F/X MACHINES BREAKING FREE OF THE GROUND.

BREWSTER: Yeah, and now they're moving!

STEPHEN:

But that's impossible, they should be fixed to the floor.

BREWSTER:

Not any more they're not. It's like - like they're alive...

STEPHEN:

They're getting closer! What do they want? Brewster? What do they want?

F/X THE MACHINES ARE INDEED GETTING CLOSER, AND RUNNING AT A HIGHER, MADDER TEMPO.

BREWSTER:

Isn't it obvious? First they took a few fingers, then they took a hand... and now they're coming for the rest of us!

GRAMS DOCTOR WHO THEME

PART THREE

GRAMS DOCTOR WHO THEME

SCENE 51. FACTORY CORRIDOR

F/X DOCTOR, EVELYN AND BELFRAGE RUN UP THE STAIRS FROM THE CELLAR. SOUNDS OF MACHINERY RUNNING AWAY ON FACTORY FLOOR ABOVE.

EVELYN:
No sign of the creature.

BELFRAGE:
Well, there's more than one way up to the factory floor.

DOCTOR:
Yes. — What's going on up there?

F/X THEY OPEN THE DOOR TO THE FLOOR. CROSS TO:

REPRISE FROM SCENE 50:

STEPHEN:
They're getting closer! What do they want? Brewster? What do they want?

F/X THE MACHINES ARE INDEED GETTING CLOSER, AND RUNNING AT A HIGHER, Madder TEMPO.

BREWSTER:
Isn't it obvious? First they took a few fingers, then they took a hand... and now they're coming for the rest of us!

SCENE CONTINUES:

SCENE 52. INT. FACTORY FLOOR

F/X MEN PANICKING TO GET AWAY FROM THE ADVANCING MACHINERY.

WORKMEN:

Get back, you lot! / Can't go any further! / Try the door again! / We're done for!

DOCTOR:

(FROM OFF) Evelyn! Be careful!

BREWSTER:

What-?

EVELYN:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Brewster! Are you all right?

BREWSTER:

Miss Smythe! Doctor!

EVELYN:

What on Earth's been happening here?

BREWSTER:

We can't get out - the doors are locked and the machines just started moving around and eating people and there's this thing in the cellar, like a man made out of pipes -

F/X MACHINE LURCHES FORWARD, MENACINGLY.

BELFRAGE:

You men - move away from the machines!

BREWSTER:

Yeah, where to-?!?

DOCTOR: This way. We can escape through the cellars.

BREWSTER:

Didn't you just hear me? There's a monster down there!

EVELYN:

We know. But at the moment it seems to be otherwise occupied.

BELFRAGE:

Please! Let's not stand around discussing the matter when we could be getting out of here!

BREWSTER:

(BEAT) All right. (CALLS) Stephen!

STEPHEN:

(OFF) There's nothing we can do, I can't get the door –

BREWSTER:

(CALLS) Forget the door! We're going out through the cellar!

SCENE 53. INT. STRETTON HOUSE – HALLWAY

F/X FADE UP. STRETTON AND CLARA RUSHING INTO THE HALLWAY FROM CELLAR. MACHINERY CAN STILL BE HEARD FROM CELLAR. STRETTON SLAMS THE CELLAR DOOR SHUT, DRAWING BOLTS, THROUGH:

CLARA:

The Doctor is an engineer, he may be able to help. Or explain to us what is happening.

STRETTON:

I have sealed the cellar. You go, Clara – I will remain here.

CLARA:

No, Father – you must come too, it isn't safe.

STRETTON:

This is my house, and I shall not abandon it to be taken over by an abomination of pistons and gears.

CLARA:

Please, don't be [so obstinate –]

STRETTON:

A man's home is his castle. Even in the face of... an engine at the door!

F/X MACHINERY TEARS THROUGH THE FLOOR AND MENACES THEM. THEY ARE BOTH STARTLED.

CLARA:

Now they're coming through the floor! Father, we must go! Upstairs!

F/X THEY ESCAPE UPSTAIRS.

SCENE 54. INT. FACTORY CELLAR

F/X A FEW DOZEN MEN HURRYING THROUGH, FOLLOWING THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR:

Follow me, everyone. Mr Belfrage – which way?

BELFRAGE:

I can't remember, it all looks completely different.

BREWSTER:

How about through that door over there?

EVELYN:

Yes, I think you [might be –]

F/X EVELYN OPENS THE DOOR, CLANKING MACHINERY BEYOND. SHE CLOSES IT.

DOCTOR:

It's spreading down here.

BREWSTER:

What's spreading?

DOCTOR:

Whatever it is that is making your machinery run amok.

BELFRAGE:

There isn't meant to be any machinery down here. This is just for storage.

DOCTOR:

Then it is worse than I had feared.

STRETTON:

How?

DOCTOR:

It means the machinery itself is building more machinery.

F/X CRUNCH AS THE MACHINERY PUNCHES THROUGH THE DOOR.

EVELYN:

Look out!

STEPHEN:

It knows we're down here!

BREWSTER:

It killed all those men up there... and now it's coming after us too! We're trapped!

DOCTOR:

Nonsense, we'll find the way out. (BEAT) Fingers crossed!

F/X THEY ALL TROOP OFF.

SCENE 55. INT. STRETTON HOUSE – LANDING

F/X CLARA AND STRETTON RUN UPSTAIRS. LOUD, METHODICAL CLANK ECHOES UP THE STAIRS.

CLARA:
Father, it's following us!

STRETTON:
From the day I first set eyes on one of those vile machines, I knew they would be the end of us. But this town had got rid of them, and I helped to bring them back – for the sake of my own miserable career.

CLARA:
For the sake of the town. You brought life back to this place.

STRETTON:
And now I have brought death. This is my punishment. I have lived by machines and now I am to die by them.

F/X MACHINERY TEARS THROUGH THE FLOOR NEARBY.

CLARA:
Father, don't just stand there! Into the bedroom!

THEY RUSH THROUGH INTO:

SCENE 56. INT. STRETTON HOUSE — BEDROOM

F/X DOOR SLAMMING SHUT ON ADVANCING MACHINERY.

STRETTON:

I am sorry that I have brought this upon you. You have tried to protect man from the machines... which is more than I ever did.

CLARA:

The window, Father. We can still get away!

STRETTON:

Er... yes. The window.

F/X CLARA OPENS A SASH WINDOW.

STRETTON:

You must go first, my dear. Be careful.

F/X CLARA STARTS TO CLIMB OUT.

CLARA:

Do as I do — hang from the ledge and allow yourself to drop. It shortens the distance one has to fall quite considerably.

STRETTON:

Always so practical.

F/X CLARA ALLOWS HERSELF TO DROP.

CLARA:

(OFF) Now follow, quickly.

STRETTON:

Goodbye, Clara. Forgive me.

F/X STRETTON CLOSSES THE WINDOW, CUTTING OFF CLARA'S NEXT LINE:

CLARA:

(OFF) No!

F/X DOOR BURSTS OPEN. THE CLANK OF MACHINERY GETS LOUDER.

STRETTON:

(SINGS QUIETLY, RESOLUTELY, TEARFUL) 'And did the countenance divine, shine forth upon our clouded hills, and was Jerusalem builded here, among these dark Satanic mills —'

SCENE 57. INT. FACTORY CELLAR

DOCTOR:
(RUNNING UP) Aha!

STEPHEN:
You've found a way out?

DOCTOR:
Through the hole in the wall and straight up the stairs.

BELFRAGE:
We need someone to lead the way. I nominate... me.

EVELYN:
So you'll be the one who gets out first.

BELFRAGE:
Well, quite. I'm not a complete idiot.

DOCTOR:
But you do a very good imitation of one. While you go ahead,
we'll stay here and make sure nobody gets left behind.

STEPHEN:
(TO WORKMEN) This way, you fellows! Hurry!

F/X WORKMEN WALK PAST THE DOCTOR, EVELYN AND BREWSTER DURING
THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION.

BREWSTER:
Doctor – what's all this metal stuff all over the walls? It's
all wires and lights, and circuit boards –

DOCTOR:
Mr Belfrage has been growing new technology for himself.

BREWSTER:
He's what?

EVELYN:
This is all due to a gadget that he didn't think worked, but
which seems to have gone absolutely bonkers.

BREWSTER:
Oh, right. A gadget. Makes sense.

DOCTOR:

This growth of high technology spreads from here to the train station. Processors, encoders, accelerators, even surgical equipment –

BREWSTER:

Hey, that must be how Stephen got his fingers back!

EVELYN:

He got them back?

DOCTOR:

He must have happened upon some medical equipment – something which grew him some new fingers and attached them.

BREWSTER:

So this whatchermackallit is what's making all the machinery up in the factory go haywire?

DOCTOR:

I don't think so. This process is evolving towards ever more advanced technology but it seems benign. Whereas, whatever's possessed the machines is going on the attack! I think we're dealing with two entirely different processes – two separate intelligences.

EVELYN:

And where does Brewster's 'monster' fit into all this?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. I'm not a walking encyclopaedia.

BREWSTER:

(LOW) No, but you do a very good imitation of one.

F/X THE MEN HAVE ALL GONE UP NOW, BUT THE THUD OF AN ADVANCING HUMANOID IS JUST AUDIBLE.

HUMANOID:

(OFF) Flesh. Flesh!

EVELYN:

Doctor... speaking of which...

BREWSTER:

Him again. And he's not looking too cheerful. Time we were gone?

DOCTOR:

Time we were gone! (THEY EXIT)

SCENE 58. INT. HOUSE

F/X WORKMEN COMING UP FROM CELLARS.

STEPHEN:

Up you go, lads. You'll be safe through here. — (TO BELFRAGE)
I can't see the Doctor.

BELFRAGE:

He'd better not have got himself killed, he's my ride home.

STEPHEN:

You're leaving us?

BELFRAGE:

Breaks my heart to say it, but yes. This time tomorrow, I'll be sipping a Frappo Daquari on Cahlia's third pleasure moon.

STEPHEN:

What'll happen to the factory?

BELFRAGE:

You want it, you have it.

STEPHEN:

What?

BELFRAGE:

Ah, here he is, my ticket out of here. And thankfully all in one piece.

F/X DOCTOR, EVELYN AND BREWSTER CLAMBER OUT OF THE CELLARS.

DOCTOR:

Where are we?

BELFRAGE:

The cellars of Mrs Coulton's haberdashery.

HUMANOID:

(OFF) (HOWLS)

STEPHEN:

Is that the monster?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I don't think it's going to give up that easily.

EVELYN:

Then we've got to get everyone out of the building.

BREWSTER:

Yeah – and get them armed!

SCENE 59. EXT. STREET – BESIDE SHOP

F/X QUICK FADE UP. MEN EMERGING FROM SHOP.

EVELYN:

Mr Gibson – is everyone clear?

STEPHEN:

Yes, I think so. Mrs Coulton included. She's stone deaf, hadn't heard a thing!

F/X DOCTOR RUNS UP.

DOCTOR:

It's coming.

BREWSTER:

So what are we going to do?

STEPHEN:

(TO WORKMEN) Torches, lads! Fetch torches! Let's see if we can't drive this monster back!

DOCTOR:

If we could manage to stop it attacking for a moment, we might be able to communicate with it.

STEPHEN:

What?

EVELYN:

Listen to him, Mr Gibson. He's done this sort of thing before.

STEPHEN:

(BEAT) If it kills anyone else –

DOCTOR:

It's very much my intention that it doesn't. (BEAT) Evelyn – there's going to be a panic. Go to Stretton's house, we might need a recognised authority figure to calm things down.

EVELYN:

Are you trying to get me out of the way?

DOCTOR:

Evelyn, Evelyn, Evelyn. Of course I'm trying to get you out of the way! And I don't have time to argue the point so please, just this once, could you do as I say?

EVELYN:

If you insist.

F/X EVELYN LEAVES.

DOCTOR:

Good. Now. Where's Brewster sloped off to?

CROSS TO:

SCENE 60. EXT. FURTHER DOWN STREET

F/X ANOTHER PART OF THE SAME STREET.

BELFRAGE:

Did I really just hear the Doctor say he wants to chat with that monster?

BREWSTER:

Yeah. He does things like that. He claims it's because he doesn't like fighting, but I think it's just an excuse for him to hear the sound of his own voice.

BELFRAGE:

Well, if you ask me, it should be a case of shoot first, save-you-having-to-ask-questions later.

BREWSTER:

Do you have a gun?

BELFRAGE:

A gun?

BREWSTER:

Yes. Do you have a gun?

BELFRAGE:

An actual gun, for shooting things with?

BREWSTER:

Yes.

BELFRAGE:

No.

BREWSTER:

Well that's put the mockers on that great plan, hasn't it?

F/X CROSS BACK TO:

SCENE 61. EXT. STREET – BESIDE SHOP

F/X THE HUMANOID BURSTS OUT OF THE SHOP.

HUMANOID:
(ROARS) Flesh!

F/X WORKMEN RUNNING UP, WITH BURNING TORCHES.

STEPHEN:
Here, lads! Bring your torches here! (TAKING BURNING TORCH)
Right then, you hideous creature –

DOCTOR:
Mr Gibson – Stephen – please be careful –

STEPHEN:
(THRUSTING TORCH AT HUMANOID) ...
Get out of it!

HUMANOID:
(SCREECHES)

STEPHEN:
(TO WORKMEN) See? It don't like the fire much! Go, lads! –
Drive it up the hill and out of town!

SCENE 62. EXT. ANOTHER STREET

F/X CLARA UNSTEADILY WANDERS THE STREETS.

CLARA:

Eaten away... just eaten away from the inside...

EVELYN:

(HURRYING OVER FROM OFF) Clara? Clara, are you all right?

CLARA:

Our home...

EVELYN:

I was coming to see you - and your father.

CLARA:

I'm afraid he's... passed away, Ms Smythe.

EVELYN:

Dead? How?

CLARA:

I tried to get back into the house, but everything was locked. Those machines...

EVELYN:

What machines?

CLARA:

They broke through the wall in the cellar. They came for us - they just seemed to twist and unfold and swell until they filled every room, until there was nowhere left for us to run.

EVELYN:

What kind of machines?

CLARA:

Clanking, pounding, living machines. I fled, but my father, the machines swallowed him.

EVELYN:

You're clearly suffering from shock, Miss Stretton. What you need is to come back to my house for a hot, sweet cup of tea.

SCENE 63. EXT. TRAIN STATION

F/X MEN DRIVING THE HUMANOID BACK. TORCH THRUST FORWARD – BURNING HUMANOID.

HUMANOID:
(SCREECHES)

STEPHEN:
That's it, boys! We've got it on the run!

DOCTOR:
Well, now there's nowhere left for it to run to – perhaps you could give me a moment to talk to it?

STEPHEN:
Lads! Lads! Enough! Let Dr Smith have his turn!

HUMANOID:
(ROARS)

DOCTOR:
Thank you. (WALKING TOWARDS HUMANOID) Hello? I'm the Doctor. You can speak, can't you?

HUMANOID:
Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Doctor, that's right. You understand me, then?

HUMANOID:
Understand.

DOCTOR:
Why are you here? What do you want?

HUMANOID:
(BEAT) Flesh. (BEAT) Fresh! Living! Flesh!

DOCTOR:
So, not a vegetarian then.

BELFRAGE:
(COMING FORWARD THROUGH CROWD) Any other topics you'd care to discuss with it, Doctor? Pets? Hobbies? Favourite pop groups?

STEPHEN:
Doctor, we're not going to be able to keep it here forever. We have to put this thing out of action while we have the chance.

BREWSTER:

Hey, boss, what's the time?

BELFRAGE:

What? It's eighteen past eleven by the station clock.

BREWSTER:

Perfect. (CALLS) Drive it down to the railway line!

DOCTOR:

What? - No!

BREWSTER:

(CALLS) Down the cutting, to the front of the tunnel!

STEPHEN:

You heard the lad! Do it!

WORKMEN:

Aye!

Like he says!

Down the tracks! [ETC]

BELFRAGE:

Good plan, Brewster! Take the initiative!

DOCTOR:

No, no - this is not the way!

STEPHEN:

We've got to do something! (CALLS) Drive it down! Onto the tracks!

F/X TORCHES WAVED AT HUMANOID AS IT STAGGERS DOWN THE BANK, SCREECHING.

BREWSTER:

Let's hope they're not running late, eh?

BELFRAGE:

I don't think so - listen...

F/X STEAM TRAIN ECHOES IN TUNNEL. HUMANOID TRIES TO SCRAMBLE UP THE BANK.

STEPHEN:

Don't let it get away! Keep it down there, whatever you do!

DOCTOR:

This is obscene!

HUMANOID:
(SCREECH)

F/X THE TRAIN COMES OUT OF THE TUNNEL AND HITS THE HUMANOID SQUARE ON, KILLING IT. TRAIN SCREECHES TO A HALT THROUGH:

BELFRAGE:
Haha! Smashed to smithereens! Excellent idea, Brewster, well done.

BREWSTER:
Oh, it was nothing, really.

DOCTOR:
You'd say so, would you?

BREWSTER:
That thing was killing people, in case you hadn't noticed.

DOCTOR:
And that's your solution, is it? To force it in front of a train? And even if I accepted the ends, the means remain deeply questionable. The train could have been derailed, innocent passengers could have been injured or killed -

BREWSTER:
All right, next time we'll do it your way and see how many people die.

STEPHEN:
That's enough, you two.

DOCTOR:
Yes, it is. More than enough. Now. Did anyone see where the pieces of this creature went?

SCENE 64. EXT. EVELYN'S LODGINGS

F/X EVELYN AND CLARA WALK UP. EVELYN PUTS KEY IN THE DOOR.

EVELYN:

Come along, Miss Stretton. Let's get you safely inside and we can consider our next -

F/X EVELYN OPENS THE DOOR AND IS CONFRONTED WITH CLANKING MACHINERY, LIKE IN THE STRETTON HOUSE.

CLARA:

Dear Lord!

F/X EVELYN SLAMS THE DOOR.

EVELYN:

Were those the the -

CLARA:

- same sorts of things that colonised my father's house?

EVELYN:

Yes.

CLARA:

Exactly the same. This menace will surely engulf the whole town!

SCENE 65. EXT. BESIDE TRAIN TRACKS

F/X DOCTOR IS DISSECTING A PIECE OF THE HUMANOID.

BELFRAGE:

So, Doctor. What grand insights have you gained from your study of the monster's corpse?

DOCTOR:

Several, as a matter of fact.

BELFRAGE:

Excuse me for asking an honest question.

DOCTOR:

It sounded sarcastic to me. Anyway, I can tell you that your 'monster', as everybody seems determined to call it, was no such thing. It was a human being.

BREWSTER:

What?

DOCTOR:

Not a natural born human, but all the organic matter I found in it was human flesh and human bone.

BELFRAGE:

The inorganic parts being those pipes and bolts and so on.

BREWSTER:

Wait a tick. When me and Mr Townsend were checking the cellar, we came across this really peculiar tangle of pipes. We heard something rattling down it, and a hand plopped out the bottom.

DOCTOR:

Yes, just as I suspected.

BELFRAGE:

Who the hell suspects something like that?

DOCTOR:

This creature was created in the cellar of Mr Belfrage's factory.

BELFRAGE:

You say that like it's my fault.

DOCTOR:

And you say that as though you have a guilty conscience. No, I think your machines were the ones who made it. The same ones that attacked your men on the factory floor.

BREWSTER:

Is that why we've been having all these accidents?

DOCTOR:

The machines themselves aren't faulty, but I think it's clear they have been mutilating the workforce on purpose.

BREWSTER:

To create the monsters, out of bits sliced off of bodies!

BELFRAGE:

The Catalyst couldn't have done this.

DOCTOR:

Maybe not, but perhaps it's created something which could. Either way - directly or indirectly - you are responsible.

BELFRAGE:

Now, that's not fair.

DOCTOR:

Isn't it? Of all the factories and foundries and mills in Lancashire, the one where the machines come to life and start butchering people just happens to be the one run by an alien crook?

BREWSTER:

An alien?

DOCTOR:

And a crook, yes.

BREWSTER:

(BITTER) Ohh, so this is why you wanted to see him. You set me up with this job so I could be your feller on the inside, didn't you? Hoped I'd do a bit of snooping for you, eh?

DOCTOR:

I didn't know about him when I got you the job. I would never have used you as an agent, Thomas.

BREWSTER:

Yeah. Because you don't trust me.

DOCTOR:

No, because I don't get other people to do my dirty work.

F/X EVELYN AND CLARA ARE APPROACHING.

EVELYN:

(OFF) Doctor! Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Evelyn? Where's Mr Stretton?

CLARA:
Dead. My father's dead.

DOCTOR:
Dead?

BREWSTER:
Sorry to hear that, Miss Stretton.

CLARA:
Thank you, Thomas.

EVELYN:
Machines took over their house. They're spreading throughout the town, wherever you look!

DOCTOR:
This situation is rapidly getting out of hand. Belfrage – where's the control device for the Catalyst?

BELFRAGE:
In my office, back at the factory. I left it there after I got back from my holiday –

DOCTOR:
Then you're coming with me to find it. We need to turn that thing off.

EVELYN:
Do you think that'll stop what's happening?

DOCTOR:
I don't know. But even if it doesn't, it'll be a start!

BREWSTER:
I'd like to help as well.

DOCTOR:
Hm. Well, after what I've just seen, perhaps you'd be best kept away from the others. Evelyn, I need you to evacuate the town!

EVELYN:
Me? Evacuate the town? Right –

F/X DOCTOR LEAVES.

BELFRAGE:

(ASIDE) Before we go, Brewster – how would you like to help me?

BREWSTER:

(SOTTO) Help you how, boss?

DOCTOR:

(OFF) You two! Come along if you're coming!

BELFRAGE:

(SOTTO) I'll tell you on the way.

SCENE 66. INT. TRAIN STATION

F/X FADE UP. TECHNOLOGY STILL WHIRRING AND BLEEPING IN THE BACKGROUND. DOCTOR ENTERS.

DOCTOR:

The station booking office, just as we left it.

F/X BREWSTER AND BELFRAGE ENTER.

BELFRAGE:

Now are you going to explain why we've come back here?

DOCTOR:

I'm looking for something.

BREWSTER:

What?

DOCTOR:

I won't know it until I find it, but there's so much random technology here, there has to be something that'll help us.

BELFRAGE:

If only we had the control device – it's meant to keep track of everything the Catalyst makes.

DOCTOR:

So having the control device would help us find the control device. Please feel free to chip in with any further pearls of wisdom as they occur to you.

BELFRAGE:

It might help if you told me what you need this piece of tech for.

DOCTOR:

Something that can help us against the machines. Stop them functioning, if only for a moment, just so we can get past.

BREWSTER:

A couple of iron bars would probably do it.

DOCTOR:

I was hoping for something a little more sophisticated..

BREWSTER:

Yeah, and while you're busy hoping, I'll find the iron bars.

F/X BREWSTER LEAVES.

DOCTOR:

Ah-ha! You beauty!

F/X DOCTOR OPERATES CONTROLS ON SOMETHING.

BELFRAGE:

What is that? Looks like one of those horrible food dispensers you get on cheap interstellar flights.

DOCTOR:

The principle's the same... it synthesises. Pass me that fire bucket, Belfrage, it'll need some raw materials to work with.

F/X BELFRAGE PICKS UP BUCKET, HANDS IT TO THE DOCTOR.

BELFRAGE:

Here you go.

DOCTOR:

Thank you.

F/X DOCTOR OPENS TOP, POURS SAND INSIDE.

DOCTOR:

As you say, the food that you get from these nutri-synths leaves something to be desired, they lack subtlety and culinary finesse...

F/X DOCTOR PUNCHES A CODE INTO THE MACHINE.

DOCTOR:

But, what they do well is...

F/X MACHINE SPITS OUT A SYRINGE INTO A TRAY.

DOCTOR:

Produce industrial chemicals! Sadly this one won't do so in great quantities, but useful nonetheless.

BELFRAGE:

What is that, a syringe of -?

DOCTOR:

Adhesive. Very strong, dries in about two seconds. Squirt a dab of that in the right place, you should be able to gum up the works!

BELFRAGE:

A glue-gun!

DOCTOR:

Yes. For heaven's sake don't get any on yourself.

F/X DOCTOR GETS TO WORK PROGRAMMING THE SYNTHESISER.

BELFRAGE:

That's all very well, but wouldn't a proper weapon be better? Why don't we check the cellar? There's bound to be some kind of focused cutting tool, [like a laseron probe -]

F/X BELFRAGE OPENS THE CELLAR DOOR, MACHINERY BEYOND. IT CLANKS MENACINGLY AT BELFRAGE.

BELFRAGE:

Oh, help!

DOCTOR:

Use the adhesive!

BELFRAGE:

Right - Argh!

F/X MACHINE SWIPES AT BELFRAGE AND KNOCKS HIM TO THE FLOOR. BREWSTER RETURNS CARRYING METAL POLES.

BREWSTER:

(RUNNING UP) Oh, what are you two playing at now?

DOCTOR:

Brewster! Jam one of those poles between its blades.

BREWSTER:

Whatever you say!

F/X BREWSTER DOES SO, MACHINE FIGHTS AGAINST IT.

DOCTOR:

Now - Belfrage, throw the adhesive over to me.

BELFRAGE:

(DAZED) Whu?

DOCTOR:

The glue-gun, man! (CATCHES IT) Now, let's see if this won't throw a metaphorical spanner in your works -

F/X SPRAYS GLUE INTO THE MACHINE. THE MACHINE GRINDS TO A HALT.

DOCTOR:

There, that's fixed it. (BEAT) Belfrage? Are you all right?

BELFRAGE:

Yes. The blade didn't catch me, I just got the blunt side. Which wasn't exactly a light peck on the cheek!

BREWSTER:

Was it waiting for us?

DOCTOR:

It can't have known we were coming. (BEAT) Look, here, you see, the wall of technology – it's carved chunks off it.

BELFRAGE:

What for?

DOCTOR:

To destroy it? Or to steal it, perhaps...

BREWSTER:

Have to admit, that glue-gun of yours was pretty effective.

DOCTOR:

Yes. We're going to need more of it. Lots more.

F/X DOCTOR GETS TO WORK PROGRAMMING THE SYNTHESISER.

SCENE 67. EXT. STREETS

F/X PEOPLE MILLING AROUND, SOME CONFUSION, SOME PANIC.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

What's happening? / Do you know? / The machines – they're taking over?

CLARA:

Mrs Smythe, this is impossible! It's like a nightmare – or the end of the world!

EVELYN:

Clara! Everyone else is losing their heads, let's keep ours.

STEPHEN:

I need to talk to everybody.

EVELYN:

What are you going to tell them?

STEPHEN:

To calm down and come 'ead.

EVELYN:

Succinct and to the point.

F/X STEPHEN DASHES AWAY.

CLARA:

My father was never at ease with machines. He always suspected they had minds of their own. But they don't, do they?

EVELYN:

(BEAT) No, not usually.

CLARA:

They are the servants of man, so who has perverted them to act in this way?

F/X STEPHEN STANDS ABOVE THE CROWD AND ADDRESSES THEM.

STEPHEN:

(OFF) Alright, pipe down, everyone – pipe down!

F/X THEY CALM DOWN.

STEPHEN:

(OFF) Now, maybe some of you only know half of what's going on, and maybe some of you don't know the first thing. But the long-and-the-short of it all is, we're all in danger.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

What sort of danger? / The machines of course. They've gone mad! / But what can we do?

F/X NEXT DIALOGUE OVERLAPS, WITH STEPHEN IN BACKGROUND.

STEPHEN:

(OFF) I don't have time to explain – but the safest place to be is out of town, so if everyone just follows me – don't stop to collect anything except your children – and we'll take the road to Cokefield –

CLARA:

Great heavens. It can't be.

EVELYN:

Clara? What is it, what have you seen?

CLARA:

Excuse me, Mrs Smythe. I must go.

F/X CLARA WALKS AWAY UP THE STREET.

EVELYN:

Clara? Where are you going? Clara! Clara!

F/X EVELYN FOLLOWS.

SCENE 68. EXT. FACTORY GATES

F/X GATES CREAK OPEN. DOCTOR, BREWSTER AND BELFRAGE WALKING THROUGH.

BREWSTER:

So all this is a battle between the new technology and the old stuff?

DOCTOR:

It seems like it. But the new technology's not fighting back.

BELFRAGE:

It's not equipped to. The Catalyst doesn't have that kind of intelligence, it's not programmed for self-defence.

DOCTOR:

Then there must be another force at work here..

BREWSTER:

You mean – whatever it is that's made the machines come to life?

DOCTOR:

Exactly. And the last thing we need is for whatever-it-is to gain access to the Catalyst's technology!

BELFRAGE:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Think about it. The Catalyst is constantly growing new and more complex technology. Which might include a nuclear bomb, if it can find the components.

BELFRAGE:

Oh right, yes. Hadn't thought of that.

F/X CLANKING FROM INSIDE FACTORY.

BREWSTER:

It's still kicking off inside the factory.

DOCTOR:

Right. Glue guns at the ready. Open the doors... now!

F/X DOORS THROWN OPEN. CLANKING STOPS MOMENTARILY: MACHINERY HISSES.

DOCTOR:

Go! Squirt for your lives!

F/X CLANKING STARTS AGAIN, FURIOUSLY. DOCTOR AND BELFRAGE SQUIRT GLUE INTO THE WORKINGS. MACHINE SLOWS.

DOCTOR:

Belfrage, that's enough! Don't waste the glue. That's all we have.

BREWSTER:

Blimey, it's like a forest of pipes in here.

DOCTOR:

Yes. They're still multiplying.

BELFRAGE:

Cannibalising the whole factory. They're even using parts of the old silk looms.

DOCTOR:

Are those stairs the only way to your office?

BELFRAGE:

I'm afraid so.

DOCTOR:

Then we're going to have to get past a few more machines. Come on! And Mr Belfrage, try not to be so trigger-happy this time!

SCENE 69. EXT. SITE OF STRETTON HOUSE

F/X THE HOUSE HAS GONE COMPLETELY. IN ITS PLACE IS A SMALL GARDEN, IN WHICH STRETTON SITS. CLARA APPROACHES HIM.

CLARA:

Father? Is it really you?

STRETTON:

Of course, my dear.

CLARA:

Thank heavens – I thought I saw, those machines...

F/X EVELYN RUNS UP.

EVELYN:

(OFF) Clara? What's going on?

CLARA:

Father. Our house, it stood here, on this very spot. But now –

STRETTON:

The house is gone. Never to return.

EVELYN:

Well, where did it go?

STRETTON:

That is not important.

EVELYN:

Are you sure? I'd say it was extremely important. And where did this garden spring from?

CLARA:

And you're all right, father? You're not injured?

STRETTON:

Perfectly. I was saved by the land – our green and pleasant land. They cannot touch us here, here in the natural world.

CLARA:

Oh, Father. How glad I am! I thought I'd lost you!

EVELYN:

Clara – I'm not sure about this. Doesn't he seem different to you?

CLARA:

He has suffered a terrible ordeal, it is true..

EVELYN:

So have you, but you still seem like yourself.

STRETTON:

Don't listen to her. She is in thrall to the machines. (SINGS SOFTLY) 'And was the Holy son of god, on England's pleasant pastures seen?' (HUMS TO HIMSELF)

EVELYN:

Clara, everyone's in terrible danger – we have to get away.

CLARA:

Father?

STRETTON:

You'll be safe here. With me. My daughter. My flesh and blood.

CLARA:

I can't leave him, Miss Smythe.

EVELYN:

(SIGHS) I'll come back for you. But don't trust him.

F/X EVELYN LEAVES.

STRETTON:

My darling daughter. Please, sit beside me on the grass.

CLARA:

Father, what – (happened here)

STRETTON:

Shhh, my dear. Listen. Listen. Can't you hear it?

CLARA:

Hear what?

STRETTON:

The death knell of the industrial revolution..

SCENE 70. INT. FACTORY

F/X CLANKING MACHINERY AROUND DOCTOR, BELFRAGE AND BREWSTER AS THEY FIGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH, SQUIRTING GLUE GUNS.

DOCTOR:

Brewster! Belfrage! Are you still with me?

BREWSTER:

Just about, Doctor.

BELFRAGE:

My office is through there, which means -

BREWSTER:

We've got our work cut out. You sure there isn't another way round? What about through here?

F/X BREWSTER OPENS A DOOR. CLANKING IN HERE TOO.

BELFRAGE:

More of them! Brewster, shut that door!

DOCTOR:

No, wait! Look there, in the centre. What is that?

BELFRAGE:

Don't ask me, I've never seen it before.

BREWSTER:

Looks like a big egg or something. Look out, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

What - whoa! No! You! Don't!

F/X DOCTOR SHOOTS GLUE INTO WORKINGS OF NEARBY MACHINERY. BREWSTER SLAMS IRON POLE INTO IT.

DOCTOR:

Thank you.

BREWSTER:

Glad to be of service. Told you an iron bar would do the trick!

BELFRAGE:

Whatever laid that egg, it wasn't anything to do with the Catalyst.

DOCTOR:

You're sure?

BELFRAGE:

Totally sure. Look at it. It's organic.

F/X MACHINERY CLANKS ANGRILY.

BREWSTER:

Careful, Doctor. Stay back.

DOCTOR:

The machinery's defending it... an instinctive response!

F/X A MECHANICAL ARM SLASHES AT THEM.

BREWSTER:

I don't think it likes us being here.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure it doesn't. If we can put it out of action, all this will stop. Probably.

BELFRAGE:

Well yes, but you'll never get near it. At least, not in one piece.

F/X THEY CLOSE THE DOOR ON IT.

DOCTOR:

All right – let's go.

BELFRAGE:

I still don't know how we're going to get to my office. The way's totally blocked.

DOCTOR:

We'll see about that.

F/X DOCTOR STEPS FORWARD – ALARMING CREAK FROM FLOOR.

BREWSTER:

Doctor, look out – the floor's giving way!

DOCTOR:

Whoaaa –

F/X FLOOR COLLAPSES, DOCTOR FALLS THROUGH.

BREWSTER:

Doctor!

SCENE 71. EXT. STREET

F/X EVELYN RUNS OVER TO STEPHEN.

EVELYN:
Mr Gibson! Stephen! I'm glad you're still here.

STEPHEN:
Mrs Smythe! Where did you go? Where's Clara?

EVELYN:
She's not coming.

STEPHEN:
Why not?

EVELYN:
I can't explain. How's it going? Are people leaving?

STEPHEN:
Most of them. There are a few stubborn ones, but they'll see the light in time. But Miss Stretton –

EVELYN:
I'll deal with her. Right now we need to –

F/X PEOPLE ARE HEADING BACK TOWARDS THEM, QUICKLY.

STEPHEN:
They're coming back into town. Why are they coming back?

F/X HUMANOID IS STOMPING AFTER THE CROWD AS IT FLEES.

HUMANOID:
(OFF) Flesh! Flesh! Flesh!

EVELYN:
I think they're running away from that.

STEPHEN:
But we killed it. The train smashed it to pieces.

F/X ANOTHER HUMANOID STOMPS OVER TO JOIN THE FIRST.

EVELYN:
You may have seen off one of them... but there's two of them now!

STEPHEN:
How many are there?

EVELYN:

I don't think anyone's planning on sticking around to keep count.

F/X A DOOR BREAKS OPEN IN FRONT OF THEM AND A HUMANOID BURSTS OUT.

HUMANOID:

(OFF) Fresh! Flesh!

STEPHEN:

Where are all they coming from?

EVELYN:

Isn't it obvious? That one. Look. Don't you recognise the face?

STEPHEN:

What? But isn't that... Mrs Coulton?

EVELYN:

Exactly. They're making themselves out of bits of us! To them we're nothing but a walking mass of... spare parts!

STEPHEN:

We might still be able to get out. If we head through the rail tunnel, after that it's open moorland –

EVELYN:

It's worth a try – but I think they may have already be one step ahead of us.

F/X PEOPLE ARE HEADING BACK TOWARDS THEM. RAILWAY TUNNEL COLLAPSES. SCREAMS.

STEPHEN:

The tunnel. They've sealed off the tunnel. There's no way out of Ackleton!

EVELYN:

Which means, Mr Gibson, that very soon everyone in the town will be dead!

GRAMS DOCTOR WHO THEME

PART FOUR

GRAMS DOCTOR WHO THEME

NO REPRISE

SCENE 72. INT. FACTORY FLOOR

F/X MACHINERY CLANKING AROUND BREWSTER AND BELFRAGE.

BREWSTER:

(CALLING BELOW) Doctor? Doctor!

BELFRAGE:

Brewster, be careful – the floor's not stable. The machines must have been cutting across it.

BREWSTER:

Yeah, I know, and I know the cellar's crawling with them and they'll kill the Doctor if we don't get him out of there!

BELFRAGE:

Don't you see? This is perfect. We needed to lose him anyway.

BREWSTER:

But we can't just leave him to die.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Well, quite.

BELFRAGE:

(SOTTO) You had to speak too soon, didn't you? You had to do it!

BREWSTER:

(CALLS) Doctor! Are you all right?

DOCTOR:

(OFF) More or less.

BELFRAGE:

We can't get down to you, I'm afraid!

DOCTOR:

(OFF) I'll try to get up.

BREWSTER:

No, you'll never make it. You get out through the cellars, we'll get the control watchermakallit.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) I suppose I don't have any choice.

BREWSTER:

You want me to throw you down an iron bar?

DOCTOR:

(OFF) No! No! No, thank you – I've still got some adhesive, I'll be fine.

BREWSTER:

We're going to head for the office, try and find a way through. It's getting worse up here.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) All right. Good luck!

F/X DOCTOR LEAVES. BREWSTER AND BELFRAGE STAND.

BREWSTER:

Do you think he bought it?

BELFRAGE:

Does it matter? I just wanted him to stop shouting at me and go away, and he has. Shall we go?

BREWSTER:

But there's no way through, the machines –

BELFRAGE:

Ah, but I was lying when I said this was the only way. If we climb outside, we should be edge along and in through one of the windows. Do you think you're up to it?

BREWSTER:

Oh yeah. I've done that sort of thing once or twice before...

SCENE 73. EXT. STREET

F/X HUMANOIDS ADVANCING ON TOWNSPEOPLE.

HUMANOIDS:

(OFF) Fresh! Flesh! Living! Flesh! Fresh! [ETC]

TOWNSPEOPLE:

(CRIES OF FEAR AND TERROR)

STEPHEN:

Those creatures are blocking every way out of town.

EVELYN:

Then we're trapped. (BEAT) Except...

STEPHEN:

What?

EVELYN:

I was told by... er, someone, that the creatures can't harm us in the countryside. It doesn't make sense, but -

STEPHEN:

But we can't reach the countryside, the tunnel [is closed.]

EVELYN:

No. But we may be able to get to the next best thing. Stephen, get everyone to follow me.

STEPHEN:

If you say so. (CALLS) This way! Everyone, this way!

F/X MASS EXIT OF TOWNSPEOPLE.

SCENE 74. EXT. WINDOW LEDGE/INT. UPPER FLOOR OF FACTORY

F/X BELFRAGE AND BREWSTER ARE EDGING ALONG A WINDOW LEDGE.

BREWSTER:

You alright there, Mr Belfrage?

BELFRAGE:

I'm fine, I just don't have a head for heights, that's all.

BREWSTER:

Tip for you, don't look down. I said don't look down!

BELFRAGE:

Remind me, whose idea was this?

BREWSTER:

Nearly there, take my hand, now – get a grip of the drainpipe, it should hold your weight, just about. That's it.

BELFRAGE:

Now what-?

BREWSTER:

Hang on, while I just –

F/X WINDOW SMASHES. BELFRAGE AND BREWSTER SCRAMBLE THROUGH INTO UPPER FLOOR.

BREWSTER:

And we're in. (BEAT) Hey, what's happened in here? Looks like the insides of a spaceship!

BELFRAGE:

The Catalyst must've transformed the anteroom into a kind of airlock.

BREWSTER:

To stop the machines breaking into your office?

BELFRAGE:

I think so.

BREWSTER:

So how do we get in?

BELFRAGE:

By the look of it, a basic print and retinal scan job.

BREWSTER:

Well, see if it knows who's boss.

BELFRAGE:

Nothing to lose, I suppose.

F/X BELFRAGE PRESSES A CONTROL. THE DOOR SCANS HIM. THEN IT UNLOCKS.

BELFRAGE:

Well, I'll be — It worked!

BREWSTER:

Must be our lucky day. Get in!

F/X THEY CROSS INTO:

SCENE 75. INT. BELFRAGE'S OFFICE

F/X DOOR CLOSED. BLEEPING TECH ALL AROUND.

BREWSTER:

(WHISTLE) Blimey. It's like an Aladdin's cave in here!

BELFRAGE:

The Catalyst's crammed the place with its technology.

BREWSTER:

I get it. It doesn't know how to fight, so instead it's been trying to hide itself away. Like it's building a nest!

BELFRAGE:

Trying to keep the controller safe.

BREWSTER:

So where is this thing then, boss?

BELFRAGE:

In the bureau. Second drawer from the bottom.

F/X BREWSTER ATTEMPTING TO OPEN DRAWER.

BREWSTER:

It's locked. Do you have the key?

BELFRAGE:

The key? (PATTING POCKETS) I – I must have put it down somewhere –

BREWSTER:

Oh, never mind. (HEFTING IRON BAR) I got an iron bar for a picklock.

BELFRAGE:

But – that's genuine mahogany. I was going to take that with me!

BREWSTER:

Now that's a shame.

F/X BREWSTER SMASHES THE BUREAU OPEN.

SCENE 76. EXT. SITE OF STRETTON HOUSE

F/X EVELYN, STEPHEN AND OTHER TOWNSPEOPLE ARRIVE AT THE NONEXISTENT HOUSE.

CLARA:
Evelyn!

EVELYN:
(APPROACHING) Clara – have the creatures attacked you here?

CLARA:
No. No, they haven't.

STRETTON:
Nor will they.

EVELYN:
I hope for all our sakes, Mr Stretton, that you are not mistaken. (CALLING) Everyone – gather round, on the lawn! Please, trust me – you'll be perfectly safe!

F/X SEVERAL HUMANOIDS ARE APPROACHING.

HUMANOIDS:
Fresh! Flesh! Fresh! [ETC]

STRETTON:
(ALoud) Those creatures are but revenants of industry – what they fear most is the natural world. It stands to reason.

EVELYN:
I'd rather have something slightly more concrete than that, but...

F/X HUMANOIDS STOP AT THE EDGE OF THE LAWN, HOWL WITH FRUSTRATION. HUBBUB RUNS THROUGH CROWD.

HUMANOID:
We... cannot pass.

EVELYN:
Well, it seems the proof is in the pudding!

CLARA:
Father did say we would be safe here.

EVELYN:
Yes, he did. But how did you know, Mr Stretton?

STRETTON:

Because nature saved me. (RAISES VOICE) I was without hope, at the mercy of the infernal engines. My home and all that I knew was being consumed by them. But the plants and the ground rose up, claimed the machines and saved my life. We have taken the wrong path. I have abetted the rise of the machines and I beg my soul's forgiveness. We must all return to nature.

STEPHEN:

(APPROACHING) Beg pardon, sir, but what does that mean, returning to nature? Men have used machines of one kind or another to work the land for many a year – d'you mean us to live by our bare hands?

STRETTON:

That is the will of God, Stephen. Trust in thy Lord, and he will show us the way.

EVELYN:

You sound like a preacher, Mr Stretton.

STRETTON:

My decision to enter politics was the product of arrogance; it led me to despoil God's green Earth. But in the future, [I shall –]

F/X STRETTON IS INTERRUPTED BY GROUND CAVING IN NEARBY. SOMEONE IS DIGGING THROUGH.

STEPHEN:

What in heaven's name – Get back!EVELYN:

Something's coming up through the ground.

CLARA:

Another of those demons? Or more machinery?

STRETTON:

It cannot be. No infection may trespass upon this new Eden, this... fortress built by nature for herself.

F/X SOIL MOVES ASIDE, DOCTOR EMERGES.

DOCTOR:

Hello. Hope you don't mind me gatecrashing your garden party!

SCENE 77. INT. BELFRAGE'S OFFICE

F/X BELFRAGE OPERATES A HANDHELD CONTROL, LIKE A SLIGHTLY LARGER GAMEBOY.

BREWSTER:

That's it? That's what we came here for?

BELFRAGE:

What were you expecting?

BREWSTER:

I dunno. Something bigger.

F/X BELFRAGE TURNS IT ON.

BELFRAGE:

They could make it smaller, but you wouldn't be able to press the buttons. Vislaks have fingers like sausages. Look, on the screen.

BREWSTER:

That's a map of the town, isn't it?

BELFRAGE:

Yes - and the locations of everything the Catalyst has made. It's listing a lot of stuff as 'Location unknown', which presumably means it's either been stolen or destroyed...

BREWSTER:

So what's left?

BELFRAGE:

Well, fortunately it appears to have sealed off the part of the cellar where my ship's hidden, and it looks like the parts I needed to repair it have come through. Result!

BREWSTER:

We'd better move then, hadn't we? Before the machines get a hold of it.

BELFRAGE:

It's not just a question of getting there, I need long enough to repair the ship. Come on, this thing must have made some kind of weapon. (BEAT) Ah! Short-focus laser.

BREWSTER:

Some kind of gun?

BELFRAGE:

Yes. One which we can use to turn that egg thing into a pile of smoking ash without us having to get anywhere near it.

BREWSTER:

Where is it?

BELFRAGE:

In the cellars of the Red Lion.

BREWSTER:

Ah, great. We can have a cheeky half while we're there!

SCENE 78. EXT. SITE OF STRETTON HOUSE

F/X EVELYN HELPS THE DOCTOR OUT OF THE HOLE.

EVELYN:

(EFFORT) Come along, Mr Mole. Let's get you out of your hole –

DOCTOR:

Yes, thank you, Evelyn. – (HE'S OUT)

EVELYN:

Now. – What in heaven's name were you doing underground?

DOCTOR:

(DUSTING HIMSELF DOWN) I was trying to find my way out of the cellars when I spotted an area totally clear of machinery. Made my way up the stairs and came out... wherever this is?

CLARA:

This used to be our house.

STRETTON:

Clara – his coat is filthy. Take it from him.

CLARA:

What?

STRETTON:

His coat. Take it.

DOCTOR:

Please, don't fuss. – Your house? Really? It's gone a bit... *al fresco*.

EVELYN:

It seems it just collapsed into the ground and this little patch of grass and trees appeared in its place.

DOCTOR:

How extraordinary! Did anyone see this happen?

STRETTON:

I saw it. A miracle amidst the chaos.

DOCTOR:

Indeed.

F/X DOCTOR WALKS OVER TO THE HUMANOIDS, WHO ARE GROWLING.

DOCTOR:

Hello there!

HUMANOID:

We wait.

DOCTOR:

So I see. Patience is a virtue!

EVELYN:

They've been standing there for several minutes, like vampires who haven't been invited in.

DOCTOR:

An apposite analogy. But vampires' limitations are extremely rare, possibly unique. These creatures were built from human flesh. There's no physical reason why they shouldn't be able to stroll up to us. So why don't they?

STRETTON:

(OFF) They are polluted.

F/X DOCTOR TURNS, WALKS TOWARDS STRETTON.

DOCTOR:

Why do you say that, Mr Stretton?

STRETTON:

They are an unholy melding of man and machine. They are not fit for the world as the Lord made it. Clara – take his coat.

CLARA:

Doctor –

DOCTOR:

Just a moment, Clara – this isn't the world as God made it. This morning, it was a house!

STRETTON:

Its transformation was an act of God.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid not. It was an act of a small-scale terrain enhancer. You can tell, there's a slight smell like aniseed in the air. Those are the nanites getting up your nose.

CLARA:

I don't understand your words, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

No, but I think your father does.

STRETTON:

I'm afraid not. This was an act of God. How dare you claim that some vile, souless artefact was responsible.

DOCTOR:

You're lying, Mr Stretton, but I think your sentiments are genuine. It must appal you to be even more 'polluted' than the creatures you despise.

STRETTON:

What?

DOCTOR:

If I cut you, you will not bleed; and if I punch you on the nose, I think you will go 'clang'.

F/X DOCTOR PUNCHES STRETTON ON THE NOSE, HE GOES 'THONGG'.
MURMURS THROUGH CROWD.

CROWD:

What? / He was right! / Is that really Stretton?

EVELYN:

That was more of a 'thongg'.

DOCTOR:

(NURSING BRUISED HAND) Yes, well it's not an exact science.
Ow!!!

CLARA:

Father? What has happened to you?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid that's not your father, Miss Stretton.

EVELYN:

I told you he seemed different.

STRETTON:

Ignore them, Clara. They are the servants of evil.

DOCTOR:

On the contrary. You're not Mr Stretton, though you have two things in common with him. One is that you wear the same face, and the other...

STRETTON:

Let go of my shirt, sir!

F/X DOCTOR TEARS STRETTON'S SHIRT OPEN. GASPS FROM CROWD.

DOCTOR:

Is that you are a hypocrite. Stretton never admitted that he abhorred the industry he brought back to the town, but if you talked to him it was quite obvious. Conversely, you claim to hate technology, but you yourself are half-machine!

SCENE 79. INT. PUB

F/X SALOON DOORS. BELFRAGE AND BREWSTER ENTER. MACHINES GOING MAD.

BELFRAGE:

Good grief. Pipes and pipes! It's like a plumber's nightmare.

BREWSTER:

So much for that cheeky half. You said the pub would be clear!

BELFRAGE:

The display on the Catalyst said it was.

BREWSTER:

That egg thing that's directing the machines – it knows we're after it. It's trying to stop us getting to this laser. Maybe it would be better if we just found the Doctor – (and)

BELFRAGE:

I'm not losing my cargo, Brewster – and that means no Doctor. That's what we agreed.

BREWSTER:

I know, but considering what we're up against, [you –]

BELFRAGE:

Do you want the tech the Catalyst has generated or not?

BREWSTER:

Well, yeah.

BELFRAGE:

Then shut up and help me figure out how we're gonna get past these things.

SCENE 80. EXT. SITE OF STRETTON HOUSE

F/X AS BEFORE. MURMURS AMONG CROWD.

STRETTON:

This body is a means to an end, nothing more.

DOCTOR:

I saw the device in the heart of the factory, manipulating the machines. That's your true form, isn't it? Stretton is nothing more than your puppet!

CLARA:

Oh, no, no! Father!

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, Clara. Your father is dead. (TO STRETTON) This creature has recreated his body using technology made by Belfrage's Catalyst, technology he stole. Just like he used the Catalyst's technology to create these monsters, and to turn Stretton's house into a grassy hillock.

STRETTON:

I despise myself for using these vile devices, but they were too useful – and my mission too important – to let such compromises deter me. I agree it is hypocritical, but once my work is done, I shall destroy the machines and do penance.

DOCTOR:

You genuinely mean it, don't you? You really do loathe technology. The Catalyst must really get your back up!

STRETTON:

For all the advantages it affords, it is like a sickness in the world. A disease of metal, smoke and oil encroaching over the land. The Catalyst is crudely, mindlessly attempting to accelerate the indigenous technology level. My work will not be done until every soul on this planet has turned away from the path of industrial progress.

EVELYN:

So you made the machines go mad, and start creating monsters out of human flesh, just to scare everyone?

DOCTOR:

Yes. This is all a gruesome piece of *grand guignol*, to make people afraid of technology. Back to nature, indeed! Nature won't protect them from you.

STRETTON:

That is true, I'm afraid. And I need not protect you from them!

F/X HUMANOIDS STEP ONTO THE GRASS.

HUMANOIDS:

Fresh! Flesh! Living! Flesh! [ETC]EVELYN:

Doctor? The creatures - they're moving!

DOCTOR:

No - wait. Wait!

F/X CROWD STARTS BACKING AWAY.

STRETTON:

Too late, Doctor. I had planned to use the people of this town as my disciples, to spread my gospel throughout the land. However, now that you have betrayed me, they are useless and must be destroyed!

DOCTOR:

In which case - run, everyone! RUN!

F/X EVERYONE RUNS FOR IT.

SCENE 81. INT. PUB

F/X CLANKING ALL AROUND.

BREWSTER:

That thing over there, is that the laser we're looking for?

BELFRAGE:

Yes, that's it. I hope it comes ready charged, I doubt there's anywhere round here where you can buy spare batteries.

BREWSTER:

Just got to squeeze past this one machine here. It's going like the clappers!

BELFRAGE:

Because it knows what'll happen if we get hold of that laser. Pass me the glue gun.

BREWSTER:

Here, catch!

BELFRAGE:

Right then. Here goes...

F/X BELFRAGE USES A GLUE GUN ON THE MACHINE, MACHINE IS GUMMED UP BUT KEEPS FIGHTING THE GLUE.

BELFRAGE:

Now, you make sure it doesn't spring back into life while I'm underneath it.

BREWSTER:

Can you reach the laser?

BELFRAGE:

I think so. Yes...

F/X BELFRAGE REACHES FOR LASER. CLUNK FROM MACHINE.

BREWSTER:

Boss, watch out. The machine's not completely jammed.

BELFRAGE:

Spray some more gunk into it then.

BREWSTER:

We've run out.

BELFRAGE:

Come on, stupid thing, just one more inch -

F/X BELFRAGE STRETCHES A LITTLE FURTHER, GRABS THE LASER AND FALLS BACK.

BELFRAGE:
Got you!

F/X MACHINERY MOVES AGAIN, UNSTEADILY.

BREWSTER:
Look out, boss!

F/X SHUDDERING MACHINERY PILES INTO BELFRAGE.

BELFRAGE:
(HOWLS IN MORTAL AGONY)

SCENE 82. INT. TRAIN STATION

F/X BLEEPING, WINKING TECHNOLOGY. DOOR BURSTS OPEN, DOCTOR, EVELYN, CLARA AND STEPHEN RUN INSIDE.

STEPHEN:

If you're planning on catching a train, Doctor, I think the ticket office is shut!

DOCTOR:

We're not here to catch a train, we're here to look for something. (SEARCHES) It must be here, it must be...

EVELYN:

It might help if you told us what you were looking for?

DOCTOR:

The Catalyst made something that restored Stephen's fingers. So there's some sophisticated medical equipment here, and all we need is - ah-ha!

F/X DOCTOR TAPS AWAY AT A KEYPAD - BLEEPS IN TIME.

CLARA:

I find much of what the Doctor says utterly unfathomable.

EVELYN:

Don't worry, Miss Stretton - that's partly because you're from the nineteenth century and partly because the only person who can understand what the Doctor is talking about is the Doctor.

STEPHEN:

One of those monster things is heading this way!

DOCTOR:

Good - that means it isn't attacking anyone else.

EVELYN:

They seem to be homing in on you...

F/X DISPENSER DISPENSES A SYRINGE - CLATTER INTO PAN. DOCTOR KEEPS TAPPING AT KEYPAD.

DOCTOR:

Flattering, isn't it? They must have decided I'm the bigger threat.

CLARA:

He wanted me to take your coat.

DOCTOR:
He what?

CLARA:
Father wanted me to take your coat. I never got the chance to ask why.

EVELYN:
Doctor, maybe it's something to [do with -]

STEPHEN:
Move away from the window, Miss Stretton!

F/X HUMANOID'S ARM SMASHES THROUGH WINDOW.

HUMANOID:
(GROWLS)

EVELYN:
Its arm's got caught on the glass.

F/X ANOTHER SYRINGE CLATTERS INTO PAN.

DOCTOR:
The perfect scenario to test my theory. Stephen, take one of these.

STEPHEN:
What's this - more of your syringes?

DOCTOR:
Freshly dispensed. When I say 'Now', we both lunge forward, stab our syringes into its arm and push down on the plunger. Got it?

STEPHEN:
I think so.

DOCTOR:
Then - three, two, one - now!

F/X THEY LUNGE AND STAB THE HUMANOID.

HUMANOID:
(SCREECH)

DOCTOR:
Good - now get back, get back!

EVELYN:
What was in those syringes, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Anaesthetic.

F/X HUMANOID OUTSIDE MAKES WOOLY NOISES.

EVELYN:
Ah yes! Human flesh...

DOCTOR:
Equals human nervous systems. Exactly.

F/X HUMANOID FALLS TO THE GROUND.

DOCTOR:
Sweet dreams!

EVELYN:
Well done. Now, Doctor, about [your -]

DOCTOR:
Just a moment, Evelyn. Clara?

CLARA:
Yes?

DOCTOR:
We'll need many more of those. The code will be in the keypad's last-number memory, so all you have to do is press this and then this, wait for the syringe to drop out of the bottom, and repeat as necessary. Understand?

CLARA:
Not remotely.

DOCTOR:
Good, that's the spirit!

EVELYN:
Doctor, I -

DOCTOR:
Stephen, find as many men as you can, arm them with syringes, and don't stop until all the monsters are incapacitated!

STEPHEN:
They won't all be as easy.

DOCTOR:
No, I know and I'm sorry, but it's the best I can do. There's a chance those creatures may be sentient, and if that's the case then I have to try to free them.

CLARA:
How?

DOCTOR:
There's a controlling intelligence at work here, the 'egg' that was using your father as a puppet. I've seen similar devices used before – they're called Inhibitors. Somebody has seen the rate at which Earth's technology level is developing and decided they don't approve.

EVELYN:
Who?

DOCTOR:
No idea. If I can get my hands on the Inhibitor, maybe I can find out. Lots of races use them, it's a disgrace, and against intergalactic law. They work in various ways, creating malfunctions, losing vital research, or just by making people scared of technology. That must be why it targeted Ackleton – it homed in on the most advanced technology it could find.

EVELYN:
Mr Belfrage's Catalyst.

DOCTOR:
Exactly!

CLARA:
Doctor, are you speaking of people from other worlds?

DOCTOR:
Yes, I am. I advise you to nod quietly and accept it. But what I need to find is –

EVELYN:
A tool to reprogram the Inhibitor and stop all this?

DOCTOR:
Yes.

EVELYN:
I think it's in your coat pocket.

DOCTOR:
What? (BEAT) The device I found in Belfrage's office!

F/X SMALL HI-TECH TOOL NOISE AS DOCTOR TAKES OUT DEVICE.

EVELYN:
The Catalyst knew it was under threat. So what did it do? It tried to deliver the solution to Belfrage!

DOCTOR:

It seems the Catalyst is slightly brighter than Belfrage.
Which to be fair, isn't particularly difficult.

EVELYN:

Which is why Stretton wanted your coat, because he could sense
it was in your pocket.

DOCTOR:

Of course! Come on – we'll make our way into the factory
through the cellars.

F/X THEY HEAD OFF.

STEPHEN:

Good luck!

EVELYN:

(OFF) You too!

CLARA:

I'm still not sure I understand what they are doing.

STEPHEN:

You're not the only one.

CLARA:

Regardless, we have work to do. Now, the sequence is
significant...

F/X CLARA PRESSES KEYPAD BUTTONS. FADE.

SCENE 83. INT. PUB

BREWSTER:

Mr Belfrage? Boss? Are you-?

BELFRAGE:

(TRAPPED BENEATH MACHINERY, MORTALLY WOUNDED) Not so good, Brewster. I can't seem to feel my legs.

BREWSTER:

Yeah, there's all this stuff piled up on top of them. Don't panic, I've got a plan. Have you still got that laser?

BELFRAGE:

Er, yes -

BREWSTER:

Right. (EFFORT) (FX: MACHINERY CREAKS) I'll see if I can't take the weight. - You, you see if you can't cut through whatever's holding your legs - (BEAT) Come on, boss, get on with it!

BELFRAGE:

It's no good, Brewster. Really. No good.

BREWSTER:

(F/X: MACHINERY CREAKS AS BREWSTER LETS GO GENTLY.) Right. I'll go and see if I can't find something to prop this lot up with, then I'll see if I can't get beneath there myself.

BELFRAGE:

No. No. Reach in here and see if you can't take the laser, and the control... control whatchermakallit...

BREWSTER:

(REACHING) Whatever you say -

BELFRAGE:

Hurry it up, eh? I don't have a very high... pain threshold.

BREWSTER:

Yeah, gottem. Right, I'll just be two ticks - (BREAKS OFF) Hang about - purple. My hands are all covered in... purple...

BELFRAGE:

It's blood, Brewster. Now, please, find the Doctor. He'll know what... what to - (FADES AWAY, PRESUMED DEAD)

BREWSTER:

Boss? (BEAT) Mr Belfrage? (PAUSE) Oh, you daft old - [idiot]. (TO SELF) Well, what am I supposed to do now?

SCENE 84. EXT. STREETS

F/X QUIET NOW AS STRETTON WALKS THROUGH, FOLLOWED BY HUMANOID.

HUMANOID:
Humans flee.

STRETTON:
Yes, I observed. It doesn't matter what happens to them now. Nobody will believe them. I am more concerned about the ones who have stayed to fight me.

HUMANOID:
Dangerous?

STRETTON:
There is a possibility they could undo our work here. (BEAT)
We must return the factory and fetch my core. We will destroy the town, destroy our enemies, and start all over again.

HUMANOID:
Waste.

STRETTON:
Not at all. We have learned a great deal. Once the Doctor and his associates are disposed of there will be nothing to stand in the way of our future success. We shall deliver this world from the agony of progress!

SCENE 85. INT. FACTORY CELLAR

F/X WINKS AND BLEEPS FROM ALL AROUND DOCTOR AND EVELYN AS THEY HURRY ALONG.

EVELYN:

The way through the cellars seems clearer than before.

DOCTOR:

As I anticipated. Our enemy's resources are finite and it has redeployed them elsewhere. This is now the safest [route to -]

F/X BACKGROUND NOISE IS CHANGING TO RISING WHINE.

DOCTOR:

Ah.

EVELYN:

What is it?

DOCTOR:

That's the sound of dozens of nanite generators overloading. The Inhibitor must have won its battle with the Catalyst.

EVELYN:

It's trying to blow us up?

F/X A GENERATOR BLOWS BEHIND THEM.

DOCTOR:

Us and everything else in town. That was just the opening number. Once it gets going... imagine a fireworks display with the magnitude of a dozen hydrogen bombs.

EVELYN:

How much time do we have?

DOCTOR:

No idea. Let's keep moving, shall we?

SCENE 86. EXT. STREET

F/X WORKMEN TRYING TO TAKE DOWN A HUMANOID, JABBING AT IT WITH TORCHES.

HUMANOID:
(ROARS)

STEPHEN:
That's it, lads! Turn the monster round my way. —

CLARA:
Don't take unnecessary risks, Mr Gibson. I think we may have the beating of them if we are patient.

HUMANOID:
(ROARS)

F/X HUMANOID SWIPES AT MEN.

CLARA:
Now, Mr Gibson! Use the syringe!

F/X STEPHEN LUNGES AT THE HUMANOID, STABS IT WITH SYRINGE.

HUMANOID:
(CONFUSED GROWL)

STEPHEN:
Got it. Reckon that's the last of them, lads.

F/X HUMANOID FALLS OVER, WORKMEN CHEER.

CLARA:
But for the one they made from my father, yes. I wonder where it is?

SCENE 87. INT. FACTORY

F/X MACHINERY CLATTERING AWAY. DOOR OPENS, CLATTERING BECOMES MORE AGGRESSIVE.

BREWSTER:

Right, then. Let's see what this laser whatsit can do -

F/X BREWSTER CUTS THROUGH THEM WITH LASER, THEY FALL TO PIECES.

BREWSTER:

Ha!

STRETTON:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) IT IS BUT A DECADENT TOY.

BREWSTER:

Call it what you like, Stretton, this little gadget will still chop you into slices. (F/X: BUZZ OF LASER) I'd stay back if I were you!

STRETTON:

You've come for the core.

BREWSTER:

And so have you, I reckon. Through there, is it?

STRETTON:

Why are you fighting me, Brewster?

F/X GENERATORS ARE EXPLODING IN THE CELLAR.

BREWSTER:

Main reason? Because you're standing in my way.

STRETTON:

You're an ambitious young man. I am offering you the chance to make a better world.

BREWSTER:

Oh, yeah?

F/X DOCTOR AND EVELYN ENTER.

EVELYN:

(RUSHING UP) Brewster!

BREWSTER:

Oh, hello, Ms Smythe. Doctor.

DOCTOR:

What are you doing here, Brewster?

BREWSTER:

What does it look like? I'm saving the world!

DOCTOR:

Just – don't destroy the Inhibitor.

BREWSTER:

The what?

DOCTOR:

The big egg! It's a living creature, and I can stop it without killing it.

F/X MORE EXPLOSIONS, CLOSER THIS TIME.

BREWSTER:

What's going on?

EVELYN:

The Inhibitor is causing every component the Catalyst made to overload.

BREWSTER:

What? But – Mr Belfrage, he promised me I could have all the technology.

DOCTOR:

And where is Belfrage now?

BREWSTER:

Dead, but still –

STRETTON:

You don't need these twinkling contrivances, Brewster. Industrial labour lashes men like you to a life of mindless, mechanised work. Eventually it will replace you altogether, leaving your class to rot.

BREWSTER:

Not me, sir. I've got aspirations. I'm gonna be somebody.

STRETTON:

Very well, have it your way.

F/X STRETTON SNAPS HIS FINGERS, A HUMANOID ENTERS.

HUMANOID:

Threat.

EVELYN:
Brewster, look out-!

F/X HUMANOID CLOBBERS BREWSTER.

BREWSTER:
(COLLAPSES TO FLOOR WITH A GROAN)

F/X LASER CLATTERS TO FLOOR. STRETTON PICKS LASER UP.

STRETTON:
Good. Now – fetch my core.

HUMANOID:
Yes.

F/X HUMANOID OPENS DOOR, ENTERS STOCKROOM.

EVELYN:
Brewster! Are you all right? Brewster?

DOCTOR:
Is he-?

BREWSTER:
(GROGGY) You wish.

EVELYN:
He'll live.

STRETTON:
He placed too much faith in technology. A common error.

EVELYN:
So you get your core, then what? Do we all just sit and wait to die?

STRETTON:
(F/X: ACTIVATING LASER) No, I use the boy's laser to kill you.

DOCTOR:
You don't understand. I came here to help.

STRETTON:
That's very kind of you, Doctor, but my servants are quite capable of doing all the lifting.

F/X HUMANOID RETURNS FROM STOCKROOM.

HUMANOID:
The core.

STRETTON:

Take it outside.

DOCTOR:

Please, wait. I have a device which can reprogram you –

STRETTON:

What?

DOCTOR:

– remove your hatred of technology. Bring back the core and I'll show you.

STRETTON:

Reprogram? You dare to suggest that I could be reprogrammed?

DOCTOR:

Well – yes.

F/X STRETTON STARTS WALKING TOWARDS DOCTOR.

STRETTON:

So. You consider all living things to be nothing more than machines. The philosophy of the tyrant.

DOCTOR:

You don't know, do you?

STRETTON:

What?

EVELYN:

Doctor, be careful.

DOCTOR:

You are technology. You were made and put here to hold this planet back. By whom, I don't know – I assumed you would.

STRETTON:

I was sent to set this world upon the path of righteousness!

DOCTOR:

I can free you. You don't have to feel this hatred.

STRETTON:

How dare you call me a, a, a machine! I can make you suffer for that and by God, sir, you will suffer –

DOCTOR:

Now, Brewster!

F/X BREWSTER THWACKS STRETTON ROUND THE HEAD WITH AN IRON PIPE. STRETTON DROPS LASER.

BREWSTER:

Woah. I wasn't expecting him to go 'thongg'!

EVELYN:

The creature! It's coming back!

HUMANOID:

(STRIDING FORWARD) Threat.

F/X BREWSTER DROPS PIPE, COLLECTS LASER. BREWSTER:

It's alright. I've got something to deal with him -

F/X ACTIVATES LASER. WHINE.

BREWSTER:

Ha-ha!

DOCTOR:

Brewster, give me the laser. Now!

HUMANOID:

Threat.

BREWSTER:

Don't you worry, Doctor, I'll take it from here.

DOCTOR:

Don't shoot, Brewster! It's got the core! If you shoot -

EVELYN:

(CRIES OUT - GRABBED BY STRETTON)

STRETTON:

No! The core. You must not - destroy - the core!

EVELYN:

(STRUGGLING) Listen to the Doctor, Brewster. If you destroy the core -

BREWSTER:

I'm done listening.

F/X BREWSTER SHOOTS, DESTROYS THE HUMANOID AND THE CORE.

STRETTON:

No!!! The core - the core - the core... (REPEATS LIKE ROBOT, COLLAPSES, DIES)

(BEAT)

BREWSTER:

Well? What are you two looking at me like that for?

DOCTOR:

Oh... Brewster. What have you done?

BREWSTER:

I've just saved the world, that's what I've done! (BEAT) Well, I have, haven't I? Haven't I?

SCENE 88. EXT. FACTORY YARD

F/X FADE UP. CLEAR-UP IN BACKGROUND.

CLARA:

Mrs Smythe told us of your bravery, Brewster.

STEPHEN:

Aye. When she explained to us what were actually going on, we realised we had a lot to thank you for.

BREWSTER:

Yeah, well, it's a pity the Doctor doesn't see it that way.

CLARA:

I understand that he and Mrs Smythe are leaving town.

BREWSTER:

Yeah. I suppose I should go and say goodbye.

F/X BREWSTER LEAVES.

CLARA:

All this machinery... seems a pity to let it go to waste.

STEPHEN:

Funny you should say that, Miss Stretton.

CLARA:

It was not my intention to amuse.

STEPHEN:

No, the thing is, you see, there's a factory full of top-quality machines just sitting doing nothing - and nobody to take charge of getting the men back to work.

CLARA:

I sense you intend to step into the breach.

STEPHEN:

Happen I do, Miss Stretton. Happen I do. On behalf of the union, like.

CLARA:

So you'd be running the factory for the benefit of the workers? Sharing the profits fairly?

STEPHEN:

That's the plan. A co-operative venture, you might call it... and if it doesn't work out, well, I've always fancied being a man of industry...

SCENE 89. EXT. TRAIN STATION

F/X DOCTOR AND EVELYN WALK UP TO TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

I don't believe it. They've put a tag on the TARDIS. A tag!

F/X DOCTOR TEARS TAG OFF.

EVELYN:

Aren't we going to say goodbye to Brewster?

DOCTOR:

I've said all I intend to say to him. The Inhibitor was a sentient creature tortured by its own genetic programming. I could have saved it: instead, he destroyed it – and all the creatures it created.

EVELYN:

He thought he was protecting me.

DOCTOR:

No. He thought he knew best, and so –

EVELYN:

He means well. He has good instincts.

DOCTOR:

Chiefly for self-interest, as far as I can see.

EVELYN:

He was born with so little. Can you blame him?

DOCTOR:

For what? For always being on the make? Maybe not, but I don't have to take him with me. I'm sorry, Evelyn. He's had his last chance.

F/X DOCTOR OPENS THE DOOR, ENTERS.

EVELYN:

(SIGHS) It just seems a pity, that's all –

F/X EVELYN FOLLOWS HIM. DOORS CLOSE. TARDIS DEMATERIALISES AS BREWSTER ARRIVES ROUND CORNER.

BREWSTER:

Doctor? Doctor, wait!

F/X BUT THE TARDIS HAS GONE.

BREWSTER:

I only came to tell you... I'm sorry.

F/X A PAUSE. THEN FOOTSTEPS.

BELFRAGE:

So, Brewster. Have you decided? Are you staying or going?

BREWSTER:

Yeah, I've decided. You've got all the rock salt loaded up?

BELFRAGE:

Yes, half a ton of top-quality merchandise, all safely stowed in the hold of the Astropod.

BREWSTER:

And where you come from, this stuff is valuable?

BELFRAGE:

On Cahlia? As you would say, Brewster, it's 'worth a King's ransom'.

BREWSTER:

And you don't mind me coming with you?

BELFRAGE:

If it wasn't for you, and your quick thinking with that medical equipment, I'd still be stuck down in that cellar.

BREWSTER:

I thought you were dead... but then I thought, if a machine can grow back someone's fingers, what else can it do?

BELFRAGE:

So in answer to your question. No, I don't mind. In fact, it would be a pleasure.

BREWSTER:

Ta. So your ship's all repaired and everything?

BELFRAGE:

All ship-shape and ready for take-off.

BREWSTER:

Then I think a quick pint at the Red Lion to toast our new business, before we head off?

BELFRAGE:

An excellent notion. To Belfrage and Brewster, Limited!

BREWSTER:

Belfrage and Brewster!

GRAMS DOCTOR WHO THEME

THE END